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JOHN BULL

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NATIONAL RADIO WEEK

NOV. 7 - NOV. 13

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THE · MASTER · VALVE

WITH THE WONDERFUL P.M. FILAMENT
WILL IMPROVE ANY RADIO RECEIVER

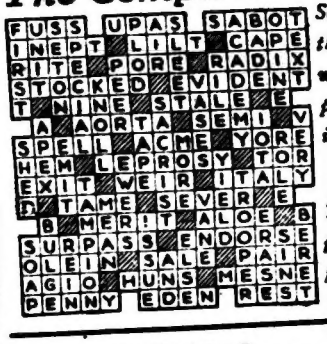
A Wonderful Sixpennyworth

The JOHN BULL

XMAS ANNUAL

Now on Sale

The Completed Puzzle



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on page 8.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

£10 FOR £6

The frame of the Graves "Speed King" Cycle is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or can be supplied all Black if desired) Fitted with

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle

8/- NOW

10 YEARS WARRANTY

Lady's or Gent's model same price. Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- now, & 8/- monthly. Complete Approval.

£8:0:0

Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (S.J.O.) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA CURE
FAMED FOR OVER 50 YEARS
4/6 a tin at all chemists.

WE TRUST YOU

2/6 is all you pay till you have ridden a Mead "Marvel" 1926 cycle one month. Sent Packed FREE. Carriage paid. Immediate delivery.
"MARVEL" 4 GNS OR 10/- CASH
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Factory-soiled cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular prices. Write TO-DAY for specifications and illustrations of 28 new models.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. M.857) SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM

JOHN BULL Pays 114 MORE BENEFITS to Registered Readers

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BARGOED.—Mr. G. GRIST, 36, West Street.
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CHARLTON.—Mr. J. BROADRIBB, 13, Wyndcliffe Road.
MATLOCK.—Mrs. G. FARREY, "Saxonholme," Lime Tree Avenue, Darley Dale.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. W. TRUNDLER, 3, Henry Street, Handsworth.
JARROW.—Mr. T. G. CORRADINE, 1, Bladen Street.
ASHINGTON.—Mrs. J. MAGSON, 50, Poplar Street, Hirst.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mr. J. R. WHITE, 14, Queen Street, Benaham.
GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mr. J. STRINGER, 15, Wilson Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

KNUTSFORD.—Mrs. M. OSBORNE, 17, St. John's Avenue.
DULWICH.—Mrs. A. F. HINDS, 6, Birkbeck Road.
SOMERSHAM.—Mrs. M. ELGER, 4, Holtwood Crescent, Church Street.
MACCLESFIELD, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. M. E. ROWBOTHAM, 59, Brown Street.
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WIDNES.—Mrs. M. WICKHAM, 35, Oakland Street.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. M. DITCHFIELD, 3, Jersey Street, Clock Face.
TYLDESLEY.—Mrs. M. E. BROOKS, 26, Johnson Street.
BIRKENHEAD.—Mrs. J. HAIGH, 53, Portland Street.
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NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. E. CARLIN, 9, Brushfield Street, Hyson Green.
HALIFAX.—Mr. N. MURRAY, 17A, Brooklyn Yard, New Road.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. M. DIXON, 176, Tynemouth Road, Heaton.
WORCESTER.—Mrs. M. JONES, 21, Richmond Road.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. M. FRASER, 23, Campbell Street, Lochee.
RADFORD.—Mrs. E. PRATT, 59, Connaught Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. L. STOKES, 3, Manningham Road, Attercliffe Common.
CHOPPINGTON.—Mrs. S. KINDLEY, 44, Church Avenue, West Sleekburn.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. W. J. PROBERT, 41, Livingstone Place, Maindee.

Many names unavoidably omitted.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Total Benefits now Paid—23,509.

"CUT HERE."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.) ..... Age.....
Address.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 13/11/26.

"CUT HERE."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature.....
Address.....
Date.....

J.B. 13/11/26.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE!
John Bull's Wonderful Gift Offer

SEE WHAT YOU GET—AND SAVE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped, worth ... 15/-
2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 2d. postage and insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Your name Engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

"A CHAMPION"

"HOW you can offer such a bargain beats me! It is a champion piece of workmanship. I shall tell my friend what a bargain they are mis ing."
(Signed)
J. E. OSBORNE,
26, Old Road,
Chatham

Written 5 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

This

Famous "ABBEY" Model Gold Medal Piano Delivered FREE

for £1 down

READERS of "John Bull" should take the opportunity of securing this famous "Abbey" Model Gold Medal Upright Piano on a first payment of only £1, and so enjoy immediate possession without strain upon their financial resources.

Write at once for Catalogue 'R' Free

It contains a full description of this fine-toned instrument with a large photo engraving showing the beauty of the design and appearance, and full particulars of this handsome Piano.

10 YEARS' WARRANTY. "The Abbey" Model Gold Medal Pianos are made by a leading London Firm of high-class Piano Manufacturers. Only the finest materials and craftsmanship (no unskilled labour) is employed—hence the 10 years' Warranty with each Piano, the brilliant yet mellow tone of which makes it ideal for solo playing or song accompaniments.

NO WAITING. DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID.

on acceptance of first payment of only £1, the balance being payable in small weekly, monthly or quarterly instalments to suit each purchaser's convenience.

DO NOT DELAY, as only a limited number are ready for immediate delivery. CALL and see and hear this fine Upright Grand Gold Medal Piano, or **WRITE for FREE CATALOGUE.**

TRIUMPH AUTO, LTD.

187-191, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

C873

16/9

This Tan Willow Calf one-bar shoe is altogether a most reliable model, equally popular for smart appearance and excellent wearing qualities. It has a 1¾ in. shaped heel and is obtainable in sizes and half sizes from 3 to 7.

16/9

Comfort—Appearance—Wear

In fifty years of the footwear business we have never known a brand attain such popularity as the "Burlington." Anyone who wears them will tell you why—it is because "Burlingtons" represent the finest footwear value to be obtained anywhere.

ORDER BY POST

Simply state shoe number and size and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage.) Examine the shoes in your own home. Try them on! We send goods post free in U.K., and guarantee to satisfy you. Send postcard for F.H.W. Catalogue, which shows scores of styles.

Freeman, Hardy and Willis, Ltd.,

500 SHOPS 500 SHOPS

106, Rutland Street, Leicester.

Combination does it!

Brilliant individualism is pretty to see, but the password to big scores is combination—to have your backs swooping up the field like a machine, in a movement slick as clockwork, inevitable as grim death, every man handling in turn, and always one man over to cross the line.

The rule holds good in medicine as in sport. You've got to attack disease of any kind, "right, left and centre." Without combination the attack must fail.

The effects of Kruschen Salts are a supreme example of what combination can do. As the analysis on every bottle shows you, Kruschen are a combination of six mineral salts. Each of these six salts has an action of its own—but each of these six salts also helps all the other five.

The clinical results show beyond question that by a pharmacological alliance of this kind we secure a tenfold increase in the potentiality of each salt. No other explanation can account for the clinical achievements of the six salts.

As your doctor will tell you, the six salts of Kruschen are essential to the regular smooth working of your eliminating organs; and how much depends on **that** you know yourself. Give Nature a chance and she'll see that you get them. Lead a sedentary life with an ill-chosen diet, and without enough fresh air or proper exercise, and she's powerless to supply them. Then only the "little daily dose" can make good the loss.

As much of the Kruschen crystals as will lie on a sixpence, tasteless in your first cup of tea every morning, is a full day's supply—just the right amount to keep your inside in perfect trim. And its action isn't limited to the aperient effect. It tunes up your system from many different angles. Where one salt can't penetrate another can and does. In short, you're set tingling with "that Kruschen feeling!"

Buy a bottle to-day and start a new life to-morrow. **It's the little daily dose that does it!** Try and see!

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

TESTED JB

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

The dose of a sixpenceful taken every morning is found in practice just the right amount for a most invigorating daily tonic. Every chemist sells Kruschen in **6d., 1s.,** and **1s. 9d.** bottles.

A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months. This works out at a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle at your chemist's to-day and start to-morrow. **It's the little daily dose that does it!**

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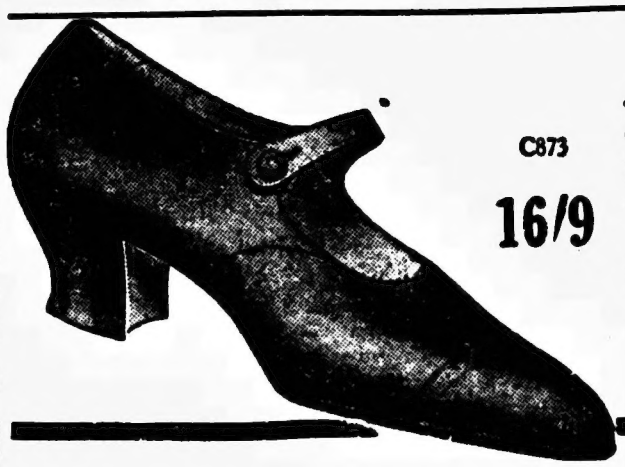

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

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Biggest bargain of the year. Very smart, guaranteed all wool, made to measure Chesvit Coat 2, or D.B., fully lined, exceptionally well tailored. Best quality trimmings only. In all shades. Pay 5/- down and 5/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**
Money refunded if not satisfied. Before placing your order elsewhere, write for Patterns, Catalogue and self-measurement form. Also S. or D.B. made to measure, 33/6, 5/- down, 5/- monthly.
Money refunded if not satisfied.
Write for Patterns and Designs.
J. B. THORNE & Co
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72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM. Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths, pro rata.
All rolls are two yards wide.
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter St., London, S.E.17
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SEND NO MONEY

WRITE NOW and receive post free our FREE BARGAIN LISTS of the MOST MARVELLOUS BEDDING VALUE EVER OFFERED. Have the "CENTO" BARGAIN BEDDING SALE on FREE APPROVAL — 1 pair warm heavy all-wool LAPLAND Blankets, 1 pair fleecy Under-Blankets, 1 pair Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases, 1 Bolster Case, 1 "Nestor" Quilt, 1 Wadded Quilt, etc. All double bed size. EASY TERMS from 1/6 weekly. Satisfaction or money refunded. WRITE NOW!
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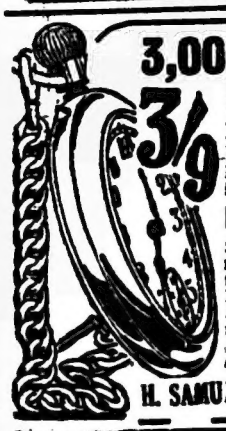
3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS



3/9

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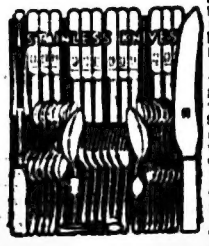
Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES for all buyers!! Fine Nickelled Watch illustrated, fully warranted. Post free 3/9 or with handsome chain 4/6. Write now!
H. SAMUEL Dept. 199, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.



1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons 6 Dessert Spoons 6 Tea Spoons 6 Tea Forks, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Butter Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spn, all of Coronation Silver which wears white throughout. 50 pieces 50/-
Terms: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Liberal discount allowed for cash. Complete approval at home.
5/- NOW
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

REAL ITALIAN ALABASTER
ELECTRIC LIGHT PENDANTS

Choice Bowls with Antique Brass Chains and Mounts, 10 inches **7/11**
12 in. Diameter 11/9
14 in. " 17/6
16 in. " 22/6
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Oxidise Silver Fittings 2/- extra, 10 in. and 12 in.
Other sizes sent by rail.
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Write for Catalogue of Electrical Fittings.
OETZMANN & CO., LTD.,
67 to 79 Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.
Two minutes from Warren St. and Euston Sq. Stations

5/- SECURES A "HOTSPUR" SUPER CRYSTAL SET.

DEPOSIT, and seven monthly payments of 5/- or 25/- cash in 7 days. A well-designed set, giving astonishing results. Works several pairs of headphones. Tuning by coils and variable condenser. All fittings nickel-plated. Mounted in Solid Oak Cabinet. Complete with Coil, Aerial, Insulators, Lead-in and Earth wire, pair Super Light-weight Phones. Ready for use. Daventry Coil 2/6 extra. Send to-day.

E. J. HERAUD
RADIO MANUFACTURER
(Dept. N.),
BURNHAM ONE, EDMONTON, LONDON, N. 18.
Send for our New Radio Catalogue FREE.
SUPER LIGHTWEIGHT HEADPHONES, 2/6 Deposit, and 6 monthly payments of 2/-. Cash in seven days, 12/6.

FINEST VALUE SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves Semi-Folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame enamelled Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, draught-proof sides, and stout leather safety strap. Upholstered in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Two-inch wheels, fin wired-on rubber Tyres. Price **32/-**
4/- NOW
Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/- Balance in 7 monthly payments of 4/- if satisfied. Money back in full if you are at all disappointed
WRITE for CATALOGUE. Folding Frame & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

3/- WEEKLY

SECURES THE NEW
'HIS MASTER'S VOICE' OR COLUMBIA GRAMOPHONE.
WRITE for Particulars and Catalogues.
WILLIAM DALE, *Established over 100 Years.*
PIANO and GRAMOPHONE MERCHANTS. SOUTHAMPTON.

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Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Blankets, Jewellery, Watches, Cycles, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Inquiries for Agency invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

Happy Musical Evenings

These autumn evenings, how jolly to play the piano! There is a way to learn in your own home, to play beautifully, and to read easily at sight, Music of every kind BY POST, from Ordinary Music. No drudgery. Everything so plain and fascinating to study, you cannot fail. I have taught thousands this way and I CAN TEACH YOU! Write NOW for my FREE Book, Mind, Muscle and Keyboard, with form for gratis opinion on your case. A postcard with your address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and one word to suit you—Beginner, Elementary or Moderate—will bring it by return.—

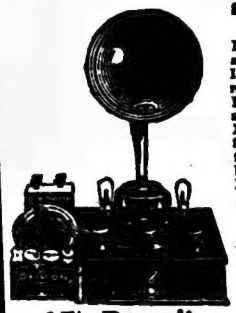
Mr. H. BECKER, 148, Bristol House, G.P.O. Box 300 A, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

COTTON Stockinette in 50 YARD ROLLS 8/6

The finest material ever made for Household DUSTERS and POLISHING CLOTHS, MEAT and MILK COVERS, MOTOR POLISHING and CLEANING, etc., etc. A hundred uses in every home. Note our LOW PRICE. Satisfaction Guaranteed or cash refunded.
5/6 POST FREE British Isles
J. J. COOPE, (Dept. J.B.), 41, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST.

STERLING RECEIVERS ARE THE BEST.



For 15/- Deposit we will send a genuine Sterling 2-Valve Loud Speaker Set complete, ready for immediate use, with D.E. Valves, Acc. Batteries, and one of our World-Famed Excellaite De Luxe Loud Speakers. If perfectly satisfied, you complete purchase by sending us 15 Monthly Payments of 20/-.
GUARANTEED THE PERFECT RECEIVER.
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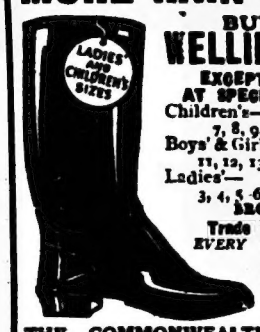

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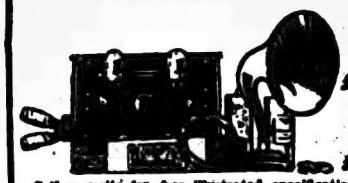

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(*Continued from page 43*).

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A. B. Cox, 79, Spring Rd., Sholing, Southampton.
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W. Curtis, C.G. Station, Gorran Haven, Gorran.
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J. H. Dodge, 37, North St., Crewkerne, Som.
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Mrs. M. Edwards, 112, Albert Rd., Blackpool.
Mrs. E. G. Emly, 10, Slawson St., Leicester.
R. G. Evans, Church Rd., Cinderford, Glos.
S. Feathers, 77, Mill Rd., Halfway, Cambuslang.
C. Freebody, 64, Alverstoke Rd., Portsmouth.
T. H. Geary, 150, Capel Rd., Forest Gate, E.
A. Giles, 3/23, Alpha Pl., Radnor St., B'ham.
W. J. Godleman, 44, Amersham Rd., New Cross, S.E.
G. E. Goulty, 20, Whitbedwood Av., Southampton.
T. Greenbank, 30, Temple St., Nelson, Lancs.
F. Halls, 50, Perkins Rd., Newbury Park, Ilford.
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W. G. Hooper, 96, High St., Shirley, Southampton.
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D. L. Horwood, 150, Albert Rd., Stechford, B'ham.
F. Hutchinson, 40, Alfred St., Sutton-in-Ashfield.
C. T. Jackson, 10, Market Lane, Longton, Staffs.
J. Jennings, 41, Limethwaite Rd., Windermere.
G. Jones, The Chalet, Bramhall, Ches.
L. Jones, "Ambrosia," South Dorrien Rd., Leicester.
S. Knowles, 20, Swansey Lane, Whittle, nr. Chorley.
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H. S. Lambert, 55, Talma Rd., London, S.W.
Mrs. B. Lawson, 106, Ivy Rushton Rd., Bradford.
P. S. Mason, 104, Fentham Rd., Erdingham, B'ham.
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C. Matthews, Garage, Moulton Heathfield, Devon.
W. R. Maxwell, 454, Wigan Rd., Bolton.
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A. Miller, 75, High St., Glasgow.
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W. J. Powell, 11, Gray St., Small Heath, B'ham.
I. Prosser, 78, New Rd., Portsmouth.
J. Ramsdale, 91, Bedford Sq., Leigh, Lancs.
C. Redfern, 1/3, Boston St., Sheffield.
L. Rhodes, 37, Rhodesway, Bradford.
E. V. Ross, 4, Victoria Rd., Levenshulme, M/c.
R. Rust, 35, Queen St., Ulverston, Lancs.
Mrs. M. Saunders, 142, Birkbeck Rd., Beckenham.
E. Sharples, 11, Dale St., Lancaster.
F. E. Simkins, 10, Tyndall St., Ardwick, M/c.
M. A. Simpson, 76, Neston St., Walton, L'pool.
Mrs. J. Skinner, Stone Lane, Cowfold, Sussex.
B. E. Smith, c/o Burley Road Post Office, Leeds.
C. W. Tait, 48, Roker Av., Sunderland.
Miss K. Tegmere, 132, Glenarm Rd., Clapton, E.
J. F. Thomson, Schoolhouse Rafford, Forres.
H. E. Tree, 22, Essex Rd., Enfield.
G. Vallance, 356A, Duke St., Glasgow.
F. T. Vanes, 7, Edward St., Dudley, Worcs.
H. Walliker, 113, Dock St., Newport, Mon.
A. Wallington, 14, Gaisford St., Kentish Town.
B. Walner, Point of Ayre Lighthouse, Bride, I.O.M.
W. H. Ward, Oak Bank, Baring Rd., Cowes, I.O.W.
W. Warrington, 18, Chapel St., Levenshulme, M/c.
W. Watson, 30, Ramsey St., Armley, Leeds.
L. Wells, 4, Alexander St., Westbourne Gdns., W.
T. J. Wheatley, Fernleigh, Hatton Rd., Bedfont.
Mrs. D. White, "Belle Vue," Salt Hill, Slough.
Miss L. Whiteley, 2, Rileys Bldgs., Halifax.
F. Whittaker, 20, Barnes St., Church.
Miss A. Williams, 37, Clarence St., Nuneaton.
D. E. Williams, c/o 43, Norbreck Rd., Blackpool.
F. C. Williams, 18, Margaret Av., St. Albans.
W. Wootton, 13/15, Dale St., Liverpool.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon, made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed and Co Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 620.

FATHER CHRISTMAS
BEST IN THE WORLD
AFTER A KISS
BUYING BRITISH
WHAT MOTHER WANTS
SONNY'S STOCKING
GUARDING THE EMPIRE
FATHER'S PRESENT
CHEERFULLY
SAID TO THE MAID
OFTEN SAID
BRITAIN'S MISTAKE
THE NEXT MORNING
PUZZLES ME
WHAT TOMMY SAID
CHANGE FOR THE BETTER
ROAD TO RUIN
A LITTLE
HOUSE WE WANT
WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

A SAFE WAY TO STOP INDIGESTION.

Indigestion is such a common ailment that many people use the first thing that's handy to stop it. They frequently use ordinary bicarbonate of soda, never realising that although this frequently stops the pain, it is doing incalculable harm to the stomach lining and may even cause stomach ulcers. The best, safest and surest remedy for digestive troubles is a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a quarter of a tumbler of water after meals, which not only corrects the trouble at its source, but soothes, heals and protects the stomach lining. The moment you take 'Bisurated' Magnesia it neutralises the excess acidity, prevents fermentation, and that's the end of indigestion. Your chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. in both powder and tablets, the one and only 'Bisurated' Magnesia that doctors recommend and hospitals use because it is as safe as it is effective.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS

Perfect fitting .... Do not slip.
Ladies'. 1/- pair..... Men's . 1/6 pair.
Wonderful wear from Every Pair!

ONLY ONE 1/- Before Delivery.

Youths' Sizes, 21/-

MASTER'S "RYCROME" BOOTS. These new Boots are lined with "Rycrome" leather, are waterproof, wear twice as long as ordinary leather and give you double value for your money. We offer these "Rycrome" Double-Wear Soled Boots in Black and Tan. Price 20/-, on special easy terms which anybody can afford to pay—1/- now, 2/- on delivery, and 2/- monthly, and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Send 1/- (P.O.) to-day and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Price List Post Free. *With Orders Full Cash.*

MASTERS Ltd., 143, HOPE STORES, RYE

MASTERS' Offer this SMART WINTER COAT for 2/- Deposit.

A rich-looking Coat quite the latest style. In good quality Velour cloth with strap and box-pleat side effect. Kolinsky Coney Fur Collar, shoulder lined, etc. Price 30/-, or 2/- with order, 4/- on delivery, and 4/- monthly! Send 2/- and say which colour we shall send you—Helio, Tan, Russet, Wine, Beaver, Blue, Brown or Navy. *List Free.*

MASTERS, Ltd., RYE

1/9 NOW OBTAINS A GOOD MODEL GRAMOPHONE WITH RECORDS SELECTED BY YOU

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

MY FREE LISTS only want seeing and you will not buy elsewhere. Beautiful horn and hornless models in great variety at the lowest and easiest terms known. Small deposit gets any Model and Records ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. Money refunded if dissatisfied. My Gramophones are the talk of the year. Nothing so good and cheap offered, so send for FREE LISTS NOW.

Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, Dept. 34 COVENTRY

MISUNDERSTOOD

MARKER: "Send up some more PLAYERS, please!"

COLDS, CATARRH AND ALL NOSE-BREATHING TROUBLES BANISHED

Remarkable Illustrated Book: 3½.—Worth Pounds!

Send only 3½ stamps for a remarkable little Book. Illustrations show how Catarrh is caused by faulty nose-breathing. Note illustration at side showing (in black) how the air passages of the nose become obstructed. The result is shallow breathing, insufficient oxygenation (purification) of the blood, and the accumulation of "catarrhal slime" in the Respiratory Organs—causing susceptibility to Chills, Throat and Chest Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, and even Consumption; Head Noises and Deafness; Gastric and Intestinal Catarrh; also Low Spirits and Lack of Energy.

CONTENTS OF THIS REVEALING BOOK.

The Catarrh Centres of the Head (Illustrated).
Why Sprays and Snuffs do harm.
47 Times More Breathing Surface.
The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
A Remarkable Test (immediately improves Nose-Breathing).
What is Catarrh?
Examples of Nasal Obstruction & Inefficiency.
What Catarrh and Nose-Breathing Difficulties lead to.
The Physiological Process of Cure.
The Nose and Catarrh.
Hay Fever.
The Ears and Catarrh.
The Throat and Catarrh.
The Mouth and Catarrh.
The Lungs and Catarrh.
Snoring.
Odds in Head and Eyes.
Voice Troubles.

The Book explains a method of Respiratory Re-Education—the ABSOLUTE ESSENTIAL TO COMPLETE AND LASTING RELIEF. Immediate freer and fuller breathing that quickly gets rid of Catarrhal symptoms mentioned.

Everyone delighted with method and its results. Small outlay brings benefits worth hundreds of pounds. See these extracts from grateful letters.

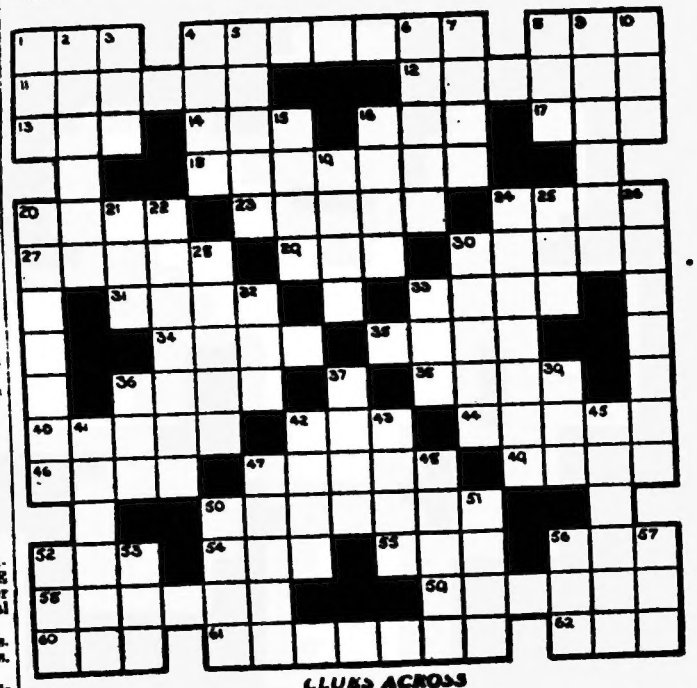
CATARRH: "I am feeling much better, my nostrils are quite clear now, and I have nothing dropping down into my throat." BREATHE FREELY: "The improvement in my condition is really wonderful, as my case was a very severe one. I can now breathe through the nose as freely as ever I could." HEAR BETTER: —"I can hear better now. One of my ears has stopped discharging—I can breathe through my nose better, and the throat is much clearer." BREATHE FREELY: —"It gives me the greatest pleasure to tell you what a GREAT RELIEF I have from the Rhyeol Treatment since I commenced using it a week ago. It has opened the air passages in my head—and thank God I am able to breathe freely after years of suffering."

Send for this little Book to-day. Read it and judge for yourself.

Publishers, **Respiratory Re-Education** (Dept. 55), **32, Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.**

Our Cross-Word Corner

Can You Do This?



CLUES ACROSS

1. Monkey.
4. A law.
8. A unit card.
11. Amazement.
12. Pertaining to a ray.
13. Be drowsy.
14. Fish.
16. Knight.
17. Alcoholic liquor.
18. Round bone of the knee.
20. Droop.
23. Satan.
24. Reserve.
27. Have recourse.
29. A metal.
30. Beverage.
31. An instrument.
33. A staff.
34. Weaver's frame.
35. A workman.
36. The grave.
38. Walk.
40. Mournful poem.
42. Coarse part of flax.
44. Large projecting bay window.
46. Refute.
47. Carpet.
49. Wither.
50. Light loose overcoat.
52. By way of.
54. Extend.
55. Colour.
56. Serpent.
58. Raiment.
59. Sharp-shooter.
60. Raised sand.
61. Knotty.
62. Make effort.

CLUES DOWN

1. The beard of corn.
2. Dog.
3. Terminal.
4. To look for.
5. Tendency.
6. Test.
7. Gain by labour.
8. Atmosphere
9. Warm drink for sick persons.
10. A tree.
15. Court of record.
16. To twist into threads.
19. Wrong.
20. Peeved.
21. Astern.
22. Science of the earth's structure
24. Coal charred by fire.
25. Uneven.
26. To fall in small drops
28. Spacious.
30. Division of a poem.
32. A kind of worm.
33. Part of the verb "to be."
36. A number.
37. Desire of good.
39. A dish.
41. One of the tribe of Levi.
42. Story.
43. Preposition
45. A rubber.
47. Accepted.
48. Steep in pickle.
50. Brisk.
51. Be inclined.
52. A large cistern.
53. Consumed.
56. Liable.
57. Inspect closely.

The solution of last week's Cross-Word Puzzle is on page 2.

8 Blankets 21/-

The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount

Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

2 **Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets**, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size, 60 by 78 ins.
2 **Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets**, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well-finished and edged, size 51 by 70 ins.
2 **Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets**, a most durable and useful blanket, size 50 by 70 ins., bordered.
2 **Super Quality White Blankets**, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52 by 72 ins. Wear guaranteed.
OFFERED BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of Postal Order for we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussellette **10/6**

Real Seamless Woven Guaranteed Genuine Bargains CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable self shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with **FREE RUGS** will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over £60,000 sold during the past 18 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 13/11/26, when writing. Established over Half-a-Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

BRONCHITIS SPEEDILY CURED

Birmingham.

Dear Sir,

I must compliment you upon your very valuable Powell's Balsam of Aniseed.

After suffering several years from severe Bronchial Trouble your remedy has given me speedy relief. Since taking your wonderful mixture I have had no recurrence of my old trouble, and I am also pleased to tell you that my nights are most restful and free from the old irritating, tiresome cough.

Yours truly,
H. W. MITCHELL.

COUGH OR COLD INSTANTLY RELIEVED, SPEEDILY CURED

For over one hundred years Powell's Balsam of Aniseed has been the recognised cure for Bronchitis—Asthma—Influenza—the worst Cough or Cold, and all Throat, Chest and Lung Troubles. It is a powerful, swift, safe and certain remedy—contains no dangerous drugs whatsoever, and can be given with safety to children and invalids. Powell's Balsam of Aniseed quickly allays throat irritation, frees the phlegm—stops the coughing—heals the inflamed tissues and strengthens throat, chest, and lungs against further attack. A trial will convince you of its wonderful healing and soothing powers. Get a bottle NOW. When buying, look for the "Lion, Net and Mouse" Trade Mark. It is your guarantee against deception.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

From Boot's, Taylor's, Timothy White, all chemists and Stores, or direct from THOMAS POWELL, Ltd. (Desk 37, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

Powell's BALSAM of ANISEED

A SWIFT, SAFE AND CERTAIN CURE FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, AND ALL CHEST, LUNG AND THROAT COMPLAINTS.

"'Daisy' acted like magic to my poor head"

Miss Mayir.
(From a photograph)

Not only harmless but very beneficial.

Dr. Robertson Wallace, M.B., C.M., writes: "Your 'Daisy' Headache Cure merits my complete approval. I lay great stress both on its efficiency and safety. There is no possibility of it causing injury to the system."

Miss E. Mayir writes:—

26, Hoyle Road,
Tooting, S.W.17.

"As a result of serious neuralgia and headaches for some considerable time, I tried several different things, but never really obtained any relief until a friend gave me a 'Daisy' Powder to take. I am pleased to tell you it acted like magic to my poor head, so that now I never take anything else but 'Daisy' for headache."

(Signed) E. M. MAYIR.

OVER 300 MILLION SOLD

for Head, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, and as a sure pick-me-up for the Nerves.

"DAISY"

In 2d. Packets from all Chemists

CURES HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

DAISY LTD., HORSFORTH, LEEDS. D17

Red Letter Day for Thornton Heath Man.

Mr. Victor Hills, of Thornton Heath, writes:—"For many years I have suffered with that distressing complaint—Constipation, and its attendant effects of sick-headache and indigestion. It was a red-letter day for me when a friend recommended me a treatment of Carter's Little Liver Pills, and I can honestly say that results have been truly marvellous. I now enjoy good health and feel that life is worth living. The relief I have experienced compels me to add my sincere tribute."

The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills in 1/3 and 3/- phials of all chemists.

Riley's "Home" Billiard Table shown resting on an ordinary dining table. It is not a toy but a perfect billiard table.

Write for Free Price List.

Details of Riley's Full Size Billiard Tables, Repairs and Accessories sent free.

Riley's pay the carriage and take all risk in transit. All accessories are included and—

7 days free trial given

Make home a bright and merry place for all during Winter evenings;

Instal a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. It will last a lifetime and provide enjoyment out of all proportion to its cost.

Send a P.O. to-night for 14/- and Riley's will despatch the popular 6 ft. size. "Home" Billiard Table complete and ready for play. The balance you pay monthly as you play.

Other sizes are as follows:—

4 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 4 in.	..	..	£7 0 0
5 ft. 4 in. x 2 ft. 10 in.	..	..	£9 0 0
6 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 4 in.	..	..	£11 15 0
7 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.	..	..	£15 0 0
8 ft. 4 in. x 4 ft. 4 in.	..	..	£21 10 0

Or in 18 Monthly Payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, or 26/- respectively.

Riley's have another table for the home—the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

Can be had in various designs and sizes, and in Oak or Mahogany. Prices range from £22 18s. 6d. Cash or Easy Payments.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
Anson Works, ACCRINGTON,
And Dept. 20, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1

MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN

THE LARGEST BALE OFFERED.

40/- CARRIAGE PAID.

FREE GIFT of a Charming Blouse *(any size) if full cash sent with order.* Satisfaction or money refunded. *This bale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.*

ONE Art **DOWN QUILT** (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).
PAIR of **WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS.** English made, whipped and bordered.
PAIR of **FINE TWILL SHEETS,** real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.
PAIR of **PILLOW CASES,** pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE BOLSTER CASE, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE lovely **ALHAMBRA QUILT,** in all newest colourings and designs.
ONE splendid **STRIPED BED TICK.**
PAIR of long **NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS,** or **TWO PAIRS** of lovely **CREAM CURTAINS.**
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.

All bedding for full-size double beds.

To meet the ever-increasing demand for our well-known Monster Bedding Bargain, we have been compelled to take more spacious premises. Our old customers are requested to make a note of the new address.

Treasury notes should be registered.

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. J.B.)
8, Stevenson Sq., MANCHESTER.

This massive Cabinet Gramophone
Sent to Your Home
for 10/-

Nothing more to pay for ONE MONTH

To bring the world's best gramophone within the reach of everyone, we offer our No. 606 Cabinet Model at the low wholesale cash price of **£6 - 19 - 6.** Or you can have our new type No. 607 Upright De Luxe Parlour Model (as shown in this advertisement) by paying only 10/- in advance. This superb new No. 607 mahogany finish Floor Pedestal Model stands 40 inches high and embodies an All-British Garrard Double-Spring Motor, which is the most perfect and expensive movement money can buy. **Other outstanding features are a hand-carved ornamental fretwork front backed by a saxe blue silk screen;** spacious record cupboard; 12-in plush-covered turntable; large seamless tapered tone arm with latest swan neck attachment; richly nickelled start and stop lever; dial time indicator and aluminium "Silvertone" rubber-insulated sound-box which **yields a clearer, sweeter and much louder tone than reproducers fitted to rival makes costing more than double our price.**

SENT DIRECT FROM FACTORY PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID ON 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

We also manufacture 40 different types of inlaid Table Grands, featherweight Portables, Jacobean Sideboard models and artistically designed gramophones with massive exterior metal horns. Any of these new and novel instruments you can obtain at low factory cash prices or on exceptionally easy monthly payment terms. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write TO-DAY for the biggest and most beautifully coloured art catalogue ever issued—IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS.

Write today for FREE LISTS and Special Offers

Mead
Company,
(Dept. K.185), Birmingham.

=Aching Muscles=

Use Sloan's—for quick relief

When muscles ache and joints are stiff and painful apply a little Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub. Instantly you notice an amazing change. Welcome relief quickly follows—muscles become lissom and flexible—and the pain dies away.

Always keep a bottle handy ready at any time to kill pain.

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, SPRAINS, CRAMP, BACKACHE, STIFFNESS

"NOW NEVER WITHOUT A BOTTLE"—"I had a severe fall which resulted in swelling and excruciating pain. I received no benefit from doctors and could get no sleep. I was induced to try Sloan's. It was the only remedy which gave me relief. I am now never without a bottle." Mr. H. Quick, 83, Egerton St., New Brighton.

Sloan's LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

ERUPTIONS ON CHILD'S HEAD

Cried With Pain. Lost Rest. Cuticura Heals.

"My son was troubled with round, red, sore eruptions that broke out on his head. They were very much inflamed and he kept crying with the pain. The eruptions itched and burned and he was very restless at night. I had to keep his head bandaged and cut the hair off around the eruptions.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it there was a great improvement so I purchased more, which healed him." (Signed) Mrs. A. Simmons, 13, Edna St., Bolton-on-Dearne, Yorks., Eng.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Asthma
Bronchitis Catarrh and Whooping Cough

The moment you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure that maddening cough stops, your breathing becomes easy, your days are comfortable and you enjoy restful nights. The relief is immediate and extraordinary. Potter's Asthma Cure is entirely free from opiates and does not cause headache. *It is wonderful for the Bronchitis of Children.* Of all chemists 1/6 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

When outdoors smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes, 1/6 for box of 12, or Smoking Mixture in 9d. tins.

"I won't be happy till you get me"

"I'm waiting—already boxed up and packed—for you to send 125 Coupons to the BLACK CAT Cigarette people. There's a coupon in every packet of Black Cat Cigarettes — smoke them, you can't get finer smokes—and send the coupons in. You'll enjoy every whiff—and when you get me—my! won't the kiddies jump with joy.

Dismal Desmond

Dismal Desmond FREE!

for 125 Coupons from

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

IN DECORATED TINS
50's 2/6. 100's 5/-

Have you tried Black Cat Tobacco at 1/- per Ounce?
Coupons are in every packet.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW.

To The BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
(Dept. 8), Gifts Dept., 23, New North Street, Theobalds Road,
LONDON, W.C.1.

Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

TESTED JB

Week ending Saturday, Nov. 13, 1926. Twopence. Vol. XL. No. 1065.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Our Xmas Annual

Twelve complete stories by best-known authors, illustrated by premier artists, and five other amusing features. Twenty-two illustrated jokes by Britain's best humourists and, in addition, nine foremost artists contribute their funniest picture. Complete words and music of a topical song.

All for 6d. ***Now on Sale.***

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Baldwin's Boast.

The Prime Minister regards his Cabinet as a happy family living in harmony. Naturally; families don't quarrel when they're asleep!

Coming Events.

During the last thirty years we have had eight General Elections and all have taken place between October and January. Take our tip. It won't be long before we have another chance of learning where M.P.s go to in the winter time!

Baldwin and Cook.

The wrong slogan is as deadly to a Government as to anybody else. Ministers committed themselves to non-intervention when they thought the coalowners would win quickly. Mr. Baldwin's reiterations of the cry became painfully like Cook's.

A Lead from the People.

Two thousand Croydon citizens at an all-Parties meeting called on the Government to carry out their own Coal Commission's report. Such meetings in a hundred other towns would give the Government the lead they need.

The Avalanche.

Labour's victories at the polls is the country's short, sharp answer to the Government's policy of "leaving the coal dispute to settle itself." Only those who are fast asleep will fail to read this warning.

To the Winners.

Don't forget that elections are won on promises, but they are lost on failures in performance. Steady application to duty and self-sacrifice are called for. "The community, not self," must be the slogan.

Reckless.

The "smash Labour" section of the Government has actually been hardened by the Labour successes at the municipal elections. In their folly these Ministers think that nothing is to be gained by conciliating the "working-class" vote.

A Rural Refuge.

Lloyd George's followers argue that the moral of the municipal elections is to concentrate on the rural areas. Squeezed out between the two extremes in the industrial districts, they reckon that among rural voters turning away from Conservatism it will be possible to build up the Liberal Party anew.

Charges that Stand.

With coal at over 4s. a hundredweight everybody in the trade is still losing money—so they say! Mineowners and merchants chant the old chorus, "We have our standing charges to meet." Precisely! It is just these "standing charges" that the public will not stand.

A Black Mystery.

Ruthless investigation of the long-endured rise in coal prices between pit-head and cellar—that is the Government's plain duty. So far the coalowners have victoriously shoved into the background the root question, "Where *does* the money go?"

Grumble, Grouse, Grumble and Co.

There's a lot of confusion in the issuing of coal permits and grumblers are at their old trade in full swing. Islington set the best example in the London area. It issued permits days before the official moment. Thus, 170,000 families were methodically arranged for.

Camberwell Canniness.

For the very poor who cannot afford to buy coal by the hundredweight, Camberwell has arranged a coupon system by which a little at a time may be obtained. One ounce of foresight saves pounds of trouble where irritations such as rationing is concerned.

Figures that Talk.

In March last the Unemployed Insurance Fund was indebted to the State to the extent of £7,646,248, but it has now attained the record figure of £18,000,000. It promises shortly to reach the Government limit of £30,000,000. What will happen then?

A Canadian Corner.

Negotiations are in progress in Canada for the formation of a huge world wheat combine. It is hoped to gain control of 90 per cent. of available wheat. Such a monopoly is almost certain to force up prices, and the movement will need careful watching.

Russia to the Rescue?

As Russia is speedily developing into the largest exporter of wheat in Europe, the scheme can scarcely be carried to a successful issue without her co-operation, and as the Soviet is unlikely to play into the hands of the combine, the machinations of the market-riggers might yet be brought to nought.

Dearer Puddings.

Just as Christmas approaches comes the information that Cuban sugar-growers recommend crop limitation. There can be no over-production while children are starving. Profiteers are plunderers and should be scotched.

1,000 CHRISTMAS DINNERS!

NOW or never if you want a "Bullets" Turkey or Surrey Fowl for Christmas. *See p. 43.*

What We'd Like.

The Committee of Cane-growers even suggest calling a world conference to prevent over-production. It certainly ought to take place, if at the same time all the children in the world who have never had sufficient sugar could be summoned to meet them. That might effect a cure.

Weary Willies.

Workhouse masters report a big increase in youthful tramps. Little boys are being trained not only to beg, but steal. It's all part of the big unemployment problem. Why doesn't the Government tackle it?

'Planing in Canada.

Aeroplanes are used in Canada for surveying and mapping out thousands of miles of uninhabited territory. In Australia they are as common as taxis. There's more than one way of using machinery that usually spells war, and the Dominions appear to have found it.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

Last year 9,029 children under sixteen were either killed or injured in London streets, one for every twenty minutes the kiddies were outside the shelter of school or home. If they could be seen in one hapless crowd, something would be done to make their passage to and from school safe.

Hurry Up!

The Imperial Cash on Delivery Association asks for better facilities and cheaper fees, and the Postmaster-General promises "sympathetic consideration." But why wait? The better and cheaper the service the more it pays in the end.

Penalising Marriage.

A bachelor with an income of £500 pays £50 10s. in income-tax and so does a spinster similarly comfortable. If the twain marry they must pay on the joint income £31 10s. more than if they stayed single. It is more than injustice; it is an open invitation to immorality.

Their Daily Dangers.

Pinned between a wall and a wagon at Mansfield Colliery, Notts, Alfred Henry Dring, a lad of twenty-one, was crushed and killed instantly. Miners always take their lives in their hands when they go below to earn a living, and these are days when it is well to remember it.

Friends in Need.

The National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives has submitted a proposal to its members that £5,000 should be spent out of its funds for the purchase of boots to be distributed among the miners' children. This is a fine brotherly gesture, which will be appreciated to the full.

On the Right Side.

According to the latest returns of the Registrar-General, the death-rate is decreasing less markedly than the birth-rate. Prophets of the nation's doom would do well to remember this, especially as they are generally the people who also predict a continuance of industrial distress.

Unpatriotic Municipalities.

The closing down of the Penmaenmawr Quarry, North Wales, draws attention to the unpatriotic conduct of many municipalities, which give preference to Swedish, Belgian and Norwegian granites. Ratepayers should insist on their money being spent to keep home fires burning.

War in Enemy's Country.

It is good news to learn that a Sheffield steel manufacturer has begun an extensive advertising campaign in the United States. In a recent issue of a popular magazine, appealing to nearly 3,000,000 men of America, the qualities of a newly patented British safety-razor blade are being stressed. This enterprise deserves reward.

A Proud Claim.

The Soviet People's Commissary for Home and Foreign Trade states that not a single Russian firm at present dealing with European nations has failed to fulfil its monetary obligations. He defies anyone to quote one case to the contrary. Opponents of the resumption of commercial relations between our country and Russia should accept this challenge, or remain silent.

In the Nick of Time.

As Mr. Howell Vaughan Williams was crossing a footbridge at Dolgelly, the wheel of his motor-cycle became wedged in a crack, and the man and the machine were flung into the stream below. As he lay there partially stunned, Miss Dilys Jones arrived and managed to release the unfortunate man, whom she got safely to the bank. A fine example of presence of mind and pluck.

The New Martyrs.

Who thinks of the little children in the reeking slums who have no place to play? The Rev. Edward Neep, Rector of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, does his share. Twice every week he opens the crypt of his church and makes of it a safe playground for Southwark bairns. He wants to get more ladies interested, so that he can do more. Good luck to him!

Stock Sizes at Stockbridge.

If you want a job at Stockbridge take care to be of local stock size. Recently the Urban District Council appointed a fireman and then discovered that the uniform they owned didn't fit him. The dilemma was disposed of—not by altering the clothes, but by the fire brigade being asked to find a man whom "the uniform at the disposal of the council" will fit! We reckon tailors in Stockbridge don't get a very fat living.

Sweeping Away Slums.

The Birmingham Copec House Improvement Society, Ltd., is transforming some of the worst slum houses of the city into bright and sanitary homes with almost magical speed. While the Government hesitates and municipal authorities procrastinate, these enlightened citizens are getting on with the job. Moreover, it is the aim of the society to deal with its tenants as friends, and not to regard them merely as dividend-making machines. May they function long and prosper.

Well Earned.

Francis Moore, alias Frederick Barclay, a racing tipster, drove his motor-car while drunk down a steep hill at night at a rate of forty-five miles an hour. He collided with a lorry and threw out his passenger, who was killed. One would think that no man could be such an utter fool as to repeat such conduct twice in a lifetime; yet Moore was actually under remand on a charge of driving in London while intoxicated when the second accident happened. The year's hard labour to which he was sentenced was well earned.

Much Ado About Little.

We hear so much about the abuse of the "dole," and are so often assured that thousands of the unemployed are unemployable, that it comes as a surprise to learn that in 1925 the percentage of proved cases of fraud amounted to only 15 per 10,000. This but supports our contention that the large majority of the out-of-works would be only too glad to earn their living were they afforded the chance.

Another Death-trap.

When motoring over the level-crossing at Tiptree, Essex, the car of Mr. W. C. Altt was run into by a passenger train. It was carried some distance along the track and completely wrecked. The motorist himself was severely injured. As this is the second smash at this crossing within a fortnight, it can only be concluded that there is a lack of efficient supervision. Bridges or subways at such points are essential to safety.

A Grand Old Man.

In the passing of Mr. William Adams, at the age of seventy-six, the Deal lifeboat crew mourns one of its greatest heroes. He was chief coxswain for nearly a quarter of a century and had a wonderful record. Apart from the saving of hundreds of thousands of poundsworth of shipping and cargo, Adams assisted in the saving of over a thousand lives from the treacherous Goodwins and ships in distress in the Channel. His was a well-spent life, and no man need covet a better memorial.

Irresponsibles.

When a school attendance officer was charged at Oldham with improper conduct, a doctor testified that the man was suffering from the after-effects of sleepy sickness. It is possible for this disease to transform a respectable individual into a criminal of the worst type. We contend, therefore, for the protection of the public as well as in the interest of the patients themselves, that all sufferers should be kept under strict observation until it is certain that their mental and moral health is normal.

The Human Machine

Routine

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THERE are two houses I visit fairly frequently. Each time I leave I vow I will never go again, despite the fact that I like the people and always spend a pleasant time in their company.

The trouble is that to this day I wonder whether I am really welcome or not. I *think* I am. I suppose, really, I *know* that I am; but neither of my hostesses has the happy knack of making one feel at home.

They are obsessed by routine, and the slightest departure from the normal appears to send them into a panic. To drop into either house unexpectedly is to produce the effect of an immature earthquake.

They rush round and apologise for everything. They fuss and bother until a casual visit is turned into an imposing ceremony.

And the poor visitor goes away wishing he had never come!

HABIT, routine, call it what you will, can be a fine friend: it can also be a deadly enemy unless it is curbed by an adaptable mind.

Adaptability to circumstances is the one thing that differentiates the Human Machine from any other. It is not running efficiently if the smallest alteration in routine is sufficient to throw it right out of gear!

Make habit your slave: don't be the slave of habit.

Mutual Trust.

We like the spirit of the newsvendor who has a pitch very near the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. Called away from his pitch he left a notice, "Please take a copy and leave a penny. Thank you." He was kept away one full hour, and when he returned every newspaper had gone and little piles of pennies corresponding in number were in their place. There's still a lot more honesty than dishonesty in the world, but it's not so spectacular and therefore escapes notice.

Fit Only for Carrion.

At an inquest held at Dover, Dr. E. E. Elliot protested against the disgusting condition of the local mortuary. Whilst making a post-mortem examination the rain was trickling on his head and down his back, nor was there light, warmth or accommodation of any kind in the building. Many doctors have complained, yet nothing is done. The authorities must be given to understand that Dover will not permit its unfortunate dead to be treated like carrion.

Everyday Risks.

When oiling an engine in the Infirmary Cotton Mill, Blackburn, the clothing of Stephen Scott was caught by the shafting. Attracted by the man's cries, in rushed the winding master, who stopped the machinery; too late, alas! for both the poor fellow's legs and his right arm had been severed. The tragedy was rendered the more poignant by the appearance of the wife, who had been working in the weaving shed. Men who run such terrible risks six days every week are deserving of more than a "living" wage.

A Step Forward.

The Miners' Central Welfare Centre will next year offer ten scholarships in the mining communities, which will enable a miner, his sons or daughters to enter a university. A1 brains are wanted, and careers may be chosen not only in mining, but in medicine, art, literature or any field preferred. It's a good scheme; but what we want to see is an educational ladder that every A1 brain may have a chance to climb. At present it's pot-luck which gets the chance, and great countries can't be built up that way.

Cheeseparing at Bath.

The aldermen and councillors of the historic City of Bath recently had to consider the appointment of an assistant park-keeper. When it was proposed to appoint a pensioned soldier at 30s. a week, Councillor S. Day moved that such a wage was a disgrace, and suggested that it might at least be increased to 40s. This suggestion met with overwhelming opposition and was rejected. The supposition that because a man is disabled and in receipt of a pension he will be contented with a small wage is preposterous.

Girl-traps at Cardiff.

Led by the Rev. John Thomas, the South Wales Vigilance Association is taking measures to stop the sinister spread of the white-slave traffic in Cardiff. Specious advertisements for governesses and companions lure girls to the town, and they find themselves virtually prisoners in disorderly houses frequented by coloured men. Property is being bought by aliens and sub-let in such a manner that the police cannot touch it. In that case the present law must be altered. A scandal of this sort must be stopped, and that instantly.

Lodged in a Stable.

On returning to his native town of Birmingham, an ex-Service man searched out his sister, a widow with two grown lads. He found her living in a disused stable in a court within five minutes' walk of the centre of the city, which had served as her home for the past three years. "I have seen the natives of India and of Africa living in rotten conditions," he said, "but I have never seen anything so bad as this." It is not surprising that men who find their relatives treated in this manner are disgusted with the country for which they fought.

Her Broken Heart.

"I could stick it no longer" was the message left by Mrs. Nisbet, of Bothwell Street, Cambuslang, before attempting the lives of herself and three children. When Nisbet, an unemployed miner, returned home one night he found the whole of his family lying on the bed with wounds in their throats. The only food in the house was two crusts of bread. That's the deepest tragedy of every industrial stoppage. The women are first, and last, the ones who pay.

Drifted to Death.

When found dying upon the steps of a railway bridge in Johannesburg, a document was discovered in the pocket of ex-Private N. A. N. Erlowe, 8th Infantry, South African Forces, expressing the high appreciation of the King for services rendered. Yet this poor fellow, sorely stricken in health, was allowed to drift to a death of starvation. But for certain old comrades he would have gone to a pauper's grave. We thought the Dominions treated their heroes better.

Why Not for Children?

Dr. G. M. Vevers, superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, states that the fitting of "vitaglass" windows has had such beneficent effect on the monkeys that it is to be used throughout. This glass permits the entrance of ultra-violet rays of sunlight, and we are assured that these are of especial value to growing children. Since the use of "vitaglass" in the average house would entail only an additional expense of about £10, we look to see its adoption in every dwelling in the near future.

Ready on the Footplate.

Driver Barbour, whose ready wit saved a train at Auchinleck, Ayrshire, on the main Glasgow-Carlisle line, is a man who should be marked for promotion. The engine of a cattle train and eight wagons had left the rails and a big goods train was rushing to disaster. Driver Barbour, on a third train, yelled to a signalman to throw the signal against the train, and waved his hand-lamp in front of the hurtling train. The driver saw the lamp and pulled up a few yards from the wreckage. Driver Barbour is a real man.

An Anonymous Benefactor.

Two weeks ago we had two sad tales to tell. One concerned a homeless family who had been forced to seek shelter in a station waiting-room; the other told of a tailor who, through an inscrutable combination of circumstances, had lost his business. The other day a stranger walked into JOHN BULL offices and, citing these two cases, handed us two Treasury notes with simple instructions to remit £1 to each. He would not disclose his name, but he may rest assured that his generosity will be appreciated by those to whom he has shown such practical sympathy.

Our Advice.

William Victor Holloway, a married millwright, of Prospect Hill, Leicester, made love to Miss Polly Louisa Jackson, a nurse, whilst he was a patient at a Coventry institution. He represented himself as a single man holding degrees. Then he began to borrow Miss Jackson's money, and found excuses to postpone the ceremony. Finally, after robbing her of £31, he was run to earth, and local magistrates have imposed upon him a sentence of six months' hard labour. There's a lesson here for other girls.

Sheer Tyranny.

"Worthy brother, dear friend," runs a note from the official of the Boilermakers' and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders' Union to a Newport man, "I am directed to inform you that the district committee impose upon you a fine of 20s. for breach of bylaws. Best wishes.—Yours faithfully,——." And what's the sin? The man had been out of work for eleven months when he got a four or five days' job in a ship, and the work being needed in a hurry he worked overtime. Now, despite the fact that he has a wife and large family, he cannot work again until the "penalty" is paid. The case speaks for itself.

Appeal to M. S.

The Editor has received a letter bearing the initials "M. S." He would very much like to get into direct touch with the writer, and pledges his word that, should such an interview take place, the writer's identity will not be disclosed to any third person without permission.

An Automatic Witness.

Congratulations to Constable F. W. A. Johnson, of the V. Division, Metropolitan Police, who was charged at the London Sessions with stealing a packet of cigarettes from an automatic machine. He pleaded that he tugged at the machine to test it and a drawer opened. A filed halfpenny was the only coin found, and when the machine was tested in court it was discovered that this operated successfully only once in three times. Thus chance averted a grave injustice.

An Appealing Pamphlet.

News reaches us of a pamphlet which is being offered for sale in the Stockport district. It bears a moving picture of a mother weeping over a blind child. "Thousands can be saved," runs its message. "Will you help please?" Apparently this pamphlet is issued by an individual named F. Phillips, but as it bears no printed address and is minus the name of any registered charity its objects seem obscure.

The Certain End.

Major Christopher Geldard, dismissed the Army for fraudulent conversion to his own use of Royal Artillery funds, was thrice mentioned in dispatches during the war and was awarded the Military Cross. Probably his plea that "he had no fraudulent intention and fully intended to pay the money back," was true. It would be true in nineteen cases of every twenty embezzlements. But the opportunity to repay never comes, only certain tragedy. To "borrow" other people's money to pay your debts is criminal weakness.

To a Child's Rescue.

When a nine-year-old girl was making her way to Ardagh Church, she was inveigled by Egbert Davis, a farm labourer, into a field, where a large wad of paper was thrust into her mouth to stifle her cries. It is terrible to contemplate the fate that might have been hers but for the prompt action of Patrick Ward and A. L. Smith, who went to her rescue and captured Davis. After sentencing this brute to twenty-three months' hard labour, Judge Wakely shook hands warmly with the two young men. It was the judge who was honoured.

Football Forecast Snags.

A South Wales reader complains of the slipshod methodsof Wilson and Watson, of Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C. He entered a football competition and sent in a correct forecast. As no prize was forthcoming, he wrote to Wilson & Watson, who replied that his claim had been overlooked. They sent him 9s. as "value of shares sent to all competitors," but when he asked for particulars of the other prize-winners he was met with the astonishing statement, "We do not compile a list of winners' names and addresses"! Surely this is the least they could do.

Stable Secrets "Free" Competition.

Purchasers of 1s. "Stable Secrets," issued by "Sports' Syndicate," of St. Mary's Square, Newmarket, were given the inducement of a "free" competition with big cash prizes. But in a circular letter acknowledging remittances it was regretted that the competition could not be carried on in its present form "owing to depression caused by the coal strike." A hope was expressed, however, that the competition could be restarted in a day or two with tickets at 6d. each. What a lot must be put down as "owing" to the strike!

114 MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

See page 2.

Problems of Life

Coal and Conscience

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"FORCE," said John Bright, "is no remedy." We need to be reminded of this dictum at the present time, with winter upon us and the coal stoppage still continuing.

Rev. R. J. Campbell

What is it that both sides hope to effect by standing out longer?

The mine-owners tell us that the mines cannot be made to pay at the old wage rates and with a seven-hour day.

Yet the industry has borne the cost of six months of complete idleness. There is a discrepancy somewhere.

We are also told that an imperative reason for reducing the cost of production of British coal is that foreign producers can undersell us and drive us out of the markets of the world.

So by way of meeting this disadvantage we produce nothing at all for an indefinite period, while the foreigner reaps a rich harvest and secures a strangle-hold upon our trade.

On the other hand, the men's leaders advance no policy and make no suggestions for saving the industry as a whole. All they seem to think of is obstinately maintaining the claims of the miners against the owners.

If they had any vision they would see it to be to their own interest to promote to the utmost of their power the welfare of the industry by which they live.

THE employing combination orders statesmen and clergy to keep out of the ring while they and the wage-earners' combination fight the matter out.

In other words, they appeal to naked brute force to settle the issue, which it will never do.

The public cannot concede the right to make such a demand, for the public is the principal party to be considered.

The title to any sort of private property is a social creation, and as such can be withdrawn. In the last resort the whole community is the administrator of its own resources.

This reserved right can be asserted at any time, and will be should urgent necessity arise.

The moment for such intervention in the present case is at hand.

THE following authentic story comes to me from South Wales:

A friend offered to accompany a miner home. "I am not going home yet," was the answer. "I could not trust myself if I saw food on the table, and the children must have what little there is."

I do not believe the people of this country will stand for any solution of a trade dispute which is wrung from the unwilling surrender of hungry men.

And is there no way out of the present *impasse* other than lowering the standard of life for the families of men who toil in a hard and hazardous occupation?

A DOCTOR'S HIDEOUS COLONY

VORONOFF'S REVOLTING EXPERIMENTS

Back to the Middle Ages

AN astonishing modern surgeon is Dr. Serge Voronoff, a "sorcerer," if ever there was one, who has cloaked himself with the robes of a dubious science.

Voronoff offers to perform all the feats formerly promised by the pedlar of magic potents and charms.

He can, he avers, conjure back flashing youth, driving before his scalpel the spectre of death. He can, so he amazingly claims, restore to the aged, the decrepit and the diseased, ruddy cheeks, alert and virile limbs, the full powers of manhood and womanhood.

If it is a miracle to make old men, by a twist of surgical skill, feel and behave like beardless youths, or so to treat gibbering simians that they may give a patchwork simulation of certain human attributes, then Voronoff is more than a surgeon and more than a scientist. He is a worker of miracles.

An infamous farm

He is something else. It has been suggested that Voronoff is a man to whom nothing is sacred, one in whom decency, as it is understood by common people, reverence and humility in the face of life's inscrutable mystery do not exist.

At Mentone is the Institute of Voronoff, the workshop of the miracle-monger. And its inmates are chimpanzees.

A few years ago, when Voronoff made his preposterous claims to be able to restore youth by means of an unnatural graft from a chimpanzee on to the reproductive organs of his human patient, he found so many applicants that he could not procure enough chimpanzees to vivisect and utilise as human spare parts.

The monkey farm of Mentone is the result. There is money in the monkey-gland business. There is wealth in these chattering simians, lolloping about the Voronoff farm, waiting all unawares for the day when they will be taken by the scruff of the neck and strapped to the vivisector's operation-table.

A gruesome birthday

Only a few years ago, Voronoff contented himself with vending a spurious and illusory youth by means of gland grafts. But that did not content his passion for experiment.

To-day, he undertakes to transplant other organs from monkey to man, and, as was proved in a recent issue of JOHN BULL, has even gone so far as to attempt the artificial production of a human child from a chimpanzee mother.

It may be interesting to him to describe how a female chimpanzee, grafted with the glands of a woman, "became very coquettish and commenced to show many human characteristics," but to most people it will appear just a little revolting.

What, then, happened to the original glands of this chimpanzee, known as Norah? They were grafted on to the woman whose glands had been literally exchanged with those of the wretched monkey.

Norah's gland eye

Norah, the chimpanzee, became "very coquettish and commenced to show many human characteristics."

What was the effect of the monkey's glands upon the woman experimented upon? *If the human glands made the chimpanzee approximate to a woman, then what guarantee is there that the monkey's glands will not cause this woman to revert to simian characteristics?*

Dr. Serge Voronoff.

If one wanted proof that to Voronoff little or nothing is sacred one can get it from his own utterances. He has said: "There is no such thing as a natural death."

Such a statement, based on the theory that indefinite life may be procured by the continued use of monkey "spare parts" to replace the diseased human organs, is a flat contradiction to the one indisputable law of nature.

Throughout the whole universe, from the lowest to the highest, birth, growth, decay and death are the immutable laws.

But Voronoff, followed by a credulous throng of aged, diseased and deluded men and women, impudently announces that he, the Great Voronoff, can set aside this great law of the Architect of the Universe.

The devil baby

To-day, Voronoff is attempting untouched by the law, to produce from a chimpanzee a human child; to-morrow *what is there to stop him reversing his experiment and starting to produce a monkey from a human mother? Apparently nothing.*

Let us turn from the evil-smelling monkey farm to another institution recently opened in the South of France. It will bring home to the reader the two trends of modern medicine—the one back to sanity and nature, the other to Voronoff's workshop.

At Carqueiranne, in a fine old building, you may see five hundred children disporting themselves in the sun. Many of them are very sick, rickety, tubercular, malnourished.

They are not operated upon, they receive no monkey glands, monkey livers or kidneys. They receive merely plain food, cod-liver oil and—sunlight.

A strange contrast these two institutions. The one probing into the machinery of life and tinkering with the handiwork of the Almighty. The other humbly and wisely accepting the rule of Nature and the supreme blessing of Nature's health workshop, the open air and the sun.

Back to the dark ages

Very soon everyone will have to make a choice between the two. We must accept Voronoff and the nameless horrors associated with his name or we must purge modern science of him and all his kind.

In the Middle Ages men sought the ways of perfect health, the secret of eternal youth, and a panacea for all human ills in many marvellously preposterous ways.

They drank magic philtres to conjure back lost love; they gulped down potions of powdered mandrake root to procure magic power; they sought for signs in the heavens, studying the Signs of the Zodiac for an answer to life's riddle; and in the cauldron of the toothless hag, mumbling over her stick-fire, they looked for prophecies.

But, we are told, the twentieth century has dethroned sorcery and set science in its place. Where, in olden times, quacks, witches and soothsayers deceived, in this our twentieth century, knowledge is the lamp which guides the footsteps of the enquirer.

A sick physician

One last word: Voronoff claims to be able to restore youth to the aged, health to the diseased.

Why, then, is it that Voronoff has so far failed to remedy his premature baldness, to renew in his limbs the elasticity of earlier youth or to smooth away for ever the deep lines that score his whole countenance?

The answer is that it is because he is, like any other mortal, powerless to wrest from Nature the one secret she has never yet, and never will at any future time, yield to any human creature: the secret of eternal youth.

He is no worker of miracles is Voronoff. He is rather a nasty joke to healthy-minded individuals and his experiments are a scientific nightmare.

New Noses for Old

Wooing Dame Fortune

A REMARKABLE booklet is issued by a person named M. Trilety, of Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Although this gentleman operates from the centre favoured by diamond-merchants, his business has nothing whatever to do with precious stones. His chief concern is noses!

Describing himself as a face and feature specialist, M. Trilety speaks impressively of the possibilities of the nasal organ in skilful hands.

He tells of people who had nothing but failure before they corrected their "hump, hook, low, flat, broad or pug, long, pointed, crushed, or broken noses." And then he presents the reverse side of the picture.

After these same people had their nasal defects remedied "the world treated them kindly, friends received them with open arms—and soon Dame Fortune bestowed her favours upon them."

Several pages of M. Trilety's booklet are devoted to pictorial examples of the wonderful results achieved by his treatment.

A trying feature

We are shown a "curved, hooked nose straightened," a double dented nose corrected, a long pointed nose that was reshaped in two weeks, and a "ball end nose quickly overcome."

So, if you hate your nose, you needn't let it worry you any more. You can change it or, rather, M. Trilety will change it for you with his "latest and newest nose-shaper, 'Trados' model 25, Great Britain, France and U.S. patents."

At least, that is the theory, but a Bury reader complains that he forwarded £1 for this apparatus some time ago and has heard nothing since.

Perhaps his case has been overlooked, for M. Trilety must be a busy man. Apart from reshaping the world's noses, he has lotion for red noses, a preparation which he claims as the result of "modern scientific chemistry."

He also offers a "Lipshaper"—a new device for making "protruding, prominent, thick, and unshapely lips to normal."

But even this does not exhaust M. Trilety's resources. For 12s. 6d. he will send you "Oro"—"the universal earshaping treatment for correcting prominent and outstanding ears."

New invention needed

We do not know how long M. Trilety has been established at Hatton Garden, but we do know that early in 1925 an individual of that name was operating from 201, Ackerman Building, Binghampton, N.Y., U.S.A

That gentleman's stock-in-trade at that time was "bow legs" and "knock knees," and he was offering a "scientific orthopædic invention" known as "Lim-straitner, model 18, U.S. Patent," for £6.

Perhaps M. Trilety, with all his inventive gifts, will devise a method of curbing his excessive cheek.

GRAVE PANEL CHARGES

OUTRAGEOUS NEGLECT ALLEGED

A Case for the Ministry of Health

ALMOST every post brings us letters from members of the National Health Insurance scheme, who complain bitterly of the indifferent manner in which they are treated by their panel doctors.

It is, of course, impossible to investigate individual complaints when there are so many of them, but the fact remains that a great deal of dissatisfaction exists.

It is possible that some of the complaints are without any solid foundation, but many seem to be justified, and we think that the Health Ministry ought to pay serious attention to what is becoming, in certain parts of the country, a growing scandal.

As an instance of a complaint which certainly calls for some comment, we cannot do better than publish the story of some startling proceedings which took place at Maidstone last week, in which the central figure was a widow who contends that her husband might have been alive to-day if he had received adequate attention at the proper time at the hands of his medical adviser.

Such a contention is far too grave to be ignored, and we have been at some pains to investigate the matter as fully as possible.

The wrong day

Our object in making these facts public is to urge the Ministry of Health to enquire into the matter, and in order that the medical man concerned may have a full opportunity of answering, and if possible of clearing himself of, the charges against him.

Before a meeting of, the Kent Insurance Committee, at which were present no fewer than twenty-six members, including Lady Millais and two medical men—Drs. J. J. Day and L. J. Miskin—it was reported that a local enquiry had been held by the Medical Service Sub-Committee into a very serious complaint.

Roughly the details are as follows: A man, who had been failing in health for some time, had a sudden seizure in the street, and, on being taken home, his wife rushed off to the doctor concerned and asked him to come and see her husband, who was in a very serious condition.

Unfortunately for the prostrate man, it was a Tuesday. The doctor, according to the woman's complaint, bluntly informed her that he did not see patients on Tuesday evenings and could do nothing until the next day.

The poor woman went home and cared for her stricken husband as best she could.

Tragic forgetfulness

The next day came, but the doctor did not arrive. He was still conspicuous by his absence on the Thursday.

On the Friday, however, he called and explained his delay by saying that he had omitted to make a note of her request and had forgotten all about it.

On the following Monday the doctor indicated that it was a "mental case," and the patient was removed to a hospital, where he died on the following Saturday.

When the Medical Service Sub-Committee approached the doctor he made some remarkable statements.

He remarked, for instance, that he was of the type which did not suffer fools gladly, and that he was not tolerant of dirt, two traits which had markedly characterised the insured person and his wife.

The doctor went on to criticise the conditions under which the insured person and his wife lived, and stated that the whole complaint was "grossly exaggerated and garbled."

A serious indictment

The Medical Service Sub-Committee, after a full enquiry into all the circumstances, found that the complaint disclosed gross neglect on the part of the doctor.

It came to the conclusion that the fact that he did not have surgery hours on Tuesday evenings did not relieve him from the obligation to visit any patient who might require his services urgently.

Moreover, it deplored the fact that when the doctor's omission to visit the man was made known to him at a little after 6 p.m. on the Thursday, he did not even then visit the patient until the following day.

The committee also found that the allegations made by the doctor with regard to the circumstances in which the man and his wife were living were without foundation, and expressed the opinion that their home was perfectly clean.

When the above facts were brought to the notice of the twenty-six

Sir W. S. Kinnear, K.B.E., Controller of the Insurance Department, Ministry of Health

members who were present at the meeting of the Kent Insurance Committee they agreed that the case merited grave and serious consideration.

One member described the doctor's attitude as inhuman, and said that he considered that he was no longer fit to serve on the panel.

A doctor's comment

Dr. J. J. Day, O.B.E., of Whitstable Road, Canterbury, agreed entirely with the findings.

His actual comment was to the effect that he "felt that the Ministry should deal drastically with the matter," in which he was strongly supported by his colleagues, who have now sent a full report of the case to the Minister of Health.

With the facts thus placed before us we feel sure that the Minister of Health will make a full enquiry without delay.

West End Savages

Magistrate's Strange Leniency

SPEAKING of the wave of hooliganism in the East End of London, Mr. St. J. Morrow, West Ham stipendiary, condemned the organised bands of desperadoes as "a serious and dangerous menace to the life of the community."

The following story shows that other parts of London may be as dangerous as the East.

A few weeks ago a man named Robert Rawling, an engineer by trade, came to London from Leicester to seek employment.

A cruel attack

One Sunday evening he was standing at a coffee-stall in Homer Street, Marylebone Road, when three men came up and threatened him.

When Rawling took exception to their attitude they seized hold of him and a terrible struggle ensued. One of his assailants gripped his thumb in his teeth whilst the others belaboured him unmercifully.

Both his eyes were damaged, his knuckles were split, his thumb was nearly bitten through, and he suffered internally as the result of brutal kicks.

One of the hooligans, George Baker, subsequently appeared before Mr. Hay Halkett at Marylebone Police Court, charged with threatening behaviour. It was stated that he had previously been convicted.

A needed lesson

Remarking that he would teach Baker not to attack harmless people at coffee-stalls, Mr. Hay Halkett ordered him to find two sureties in £5 and to pay 10s. 6d. costs or go to prison for six weeks.

When we consider the plight of Baker's victim we feel that he should have been very severely dealt with.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rawling still bears visible trace of his ordeal. In fact he is so badly marked that his task of job-seeking has been rendered doubly difficult. His appearance goes against him and few employers have the time to listen to an explanation of how he came by his injuries.

We trust, therefore, that whenever dangerous hooligans are brought up for trial they will be dealt with in a manner that will really teach them a lasting lesson.

A Mendicant Missioner

Pastor's New Campaign

MOST of our readers will be familiar with the name of "Pastor" A. J. Matthews, who is the leading light behind a questionable charity organisation called the Northern Evangelistic Association, the headquarters of which are in Aberdeen.

This association, which collects money from the charitably disposed and spends much of it in costly administration, has been constantly criticised in these columns, and has for years been black-listed by the Charity Organisation Society.

A cause for regret

During the past few weeks, "Pastor" Matthews has visited Barnstaple, in Devonshire, for the ostensible object of "defending" the "integrity" of his association against criticism and to "induct" some new missionaries.

In opening the proceedings, which took place in a hall in Reform Street, Barnstaple, the "Pastor" emphatically declared that the organisation existed for the promotion of the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor, and that its main work was the provision of free meals for poor children.

In the same breath he regretted that (although the branch at Barnstaple had been in existence for some years!) not much benevolent work had so far been done there.

He added, however, that the General Committee had decided that the local work would be developed as soon as "funds permitted."

A damning confession

We strongly urge our readers not to support this institution until "Pastor" Matthews clears up the many matters relating to its administration which have, time after time, been raised in these pages.

"Pastor" Matthews, by the way, is not a recognised minister of any well-known religious body.

A few months ago, in fact—when he was giving evidence in a case in which one of his colleagues was sent to jail for making fraudulent charitable collections—he admitted that he had designated himself "Pastor," a confession which stamps him as a religious impostor.

LONG, LONG TRAILS

A SHORT-CUT BAN

Our Appeal to Mr. Wale

SELDOM indeed is it found that even legal rights are insisted on when these cause suffering to others. When such does happen and it is pointed out, redress generally follows

WE have an appeal to make which we think will be responded to in the right spirit. It is to a Warwickshire yeoman, and, as all the world knows, the men of that historic countryside have fine traditions behind them.

The gentleman is Mr. Alec Wale, of Bushwood Lodge farm, some miles distant from the township of Henley-in-Arden in the Shakespeare country. It is a remote spot, and it happens that Mr. Wale has it in his power to make life tolerable or the reverse for certain of his neighbours.

Not many are affected—only three or four people to any great extent. They are a harassed mother, Mrs. Hilda King and her husband, their little girl Mary, aged six, and their neighbour, old "Grandpa" Bellamy, who has entered on his seventy-eighth winter.

The cottage on the hill

They live at Warren Cottages, some two hundred yards behind Bushwood Lodge farm, which stand on a little hill on the edge of one of the clustering woods which sprinkle Warwickshire.

Standing far from the road, they can only be reached by a path which takes one over stiles and ditches, across the muddy fields. There is a short cut by way of Bushwood Lodge farm, but that is now closed.

That is not the only thing which makes Warren Cottages rather inconvenient residences. The water supply is a problem. There is an old well at the back of the house, but the water is foul, and it is necessary for health's sake to use the supply of neighbouring folk.

As far back as memory takes us it has been the custom for the cottagers to reach the main road by way of the farmyard and the lane that leads to it.

And when they wanted it, the water from the farmyard pump has been at their disposal. It has been so all through the long life of "Grandpa" Bellamy and of his father before him.

A year ago the farm changed hands. The custom was continued. Mr. King passed the farmyard to and from his work every day.

A long, long road

At eight in the morning, little Mary set off on her trudge of three and a half miles to the school at Rowington. In the evening she was met by her mother at the bottom of the lane.

Before her schooldays there was a brother, older by a year or two, who toddled the long road to Rowington, but he is dead and gone, and the traffic through Bushwood Lodge farm is the less by one little pair of feet.

"Grandpa" Bellamy made the trip, maybe twice a day, for his loaf of bread and his 'baccy, or for a chat over a tankard with the innkeeper down the way.

A few weeks ago a bomb was dropped in this tiny community. Farmer Wale announced that in future the way through the farm would be closed, as the owner, his father-in-law, "wanted the place kept quiet."

A drawer of water

But has Farmer Wale realised what the effect of his desire for greater privacy is on his neighbours? Life for them is hard enough already. The effect of the ban will be to make it almost intolerable.

Poor wee Mary, in making the *detour* of the farm, has a mile added to her journey to school. The path through the breaks in the hedges is already churned into mud by the Warwickshire Hunt, which meets a stone's-throw from the cottages.

"Grandpa" Bellamy

In winter it is almost impassable, and not long ago, to make things worse, Mary was molested on her way home from school.

With a longer road to come and the nights drawing in, the mother could bear the suspense no longer, and the other day decided to send her to live with her grandmother in the village.

Mrs. King has now to draw her drinking-water from another farmhouse. This means a trudge of over four hundred yards (half a mile both ways) through the mud and on the return journey there is a stiff incline.

Now, Mr. Wale!

That is not all. She has the choice of leaving her baby-in-arms alone, or carrying him with her. She has often to take the latter course.

Housewives in town and village, who may be given to complaining about their drudgery, would do well to consider the lot of Mrs. Hilda King.

There are one or two others who swell the traffic to the cottages, the grocer's girl who calls once a week, the postman, and old Dr. Dwyer, who cycles over occasionally for a gossip with "Grandpa" Bellamy and to bring him his medicine.

All put together they don't make much of a crowd even in a farmyard. We have no doubt whatever that Farmer Wale, having once realised the effect of his ban, will lose no time in raising it.

PHILIP GOES FLOP

NIMBLE TIMBRELL TRIPPED

A Captain Caught Out

YET another wrongdoer has been brought to justice by the exposure of JOHN BULL. It is indeed true that criminals, more than anything else, fear the publicity we give them

YET another rogue whose activities have been exposed again and again in these pages has been overtaken by the law.

At Liverpool Assizes the other day, sentence of nine months' imprisonment was passed upon Captain Philip Timbrell Stanley for forging and uttering two money orders.

It is ironical that this audacious rogue should have been apprehended for an offence which, in comparison with many of his other exploits, is extremely modest.

For, apart from the various escapades which have been recorded in this journal from time to time, the doughty captain—who, by the way, has no claim to that rank—has operated in some amazing ventures.

Ever since he left the Army in 1918, with the rank of lieutenant, he seems to have been an active exponent of the employment-with-investment dodge, and has numbered amongst his associates several society crooks who are now in prison.

A narrow escape

The story of one of his most recent victims, whose case has hitherto received no publicity, is of exceptional interest. For, whilst this gentleman was providentially saved from investing his money, he was brought into touch with a number of less-fortunate individuals.

The person to whom we refer is an ex-Army commissionaire, of Nithdale Street, Plumstead. In December last he was sent by the Corps of Commissionaires to interview Stanley at an office in Fenchurch Street.

The "captain" then instructed the man to call at the Whittington Club in Aldermanbury, where he was engaged as hall-porter.

In due course he found that his wages were not forthcoming and he had to bring an action against the club and a Major Hodgson, secretary.

The latter told a pitiful story in defending the claim. He stated that he, too, was a dupe of "Captain" Stanley who had induced him to invest £400 in another venture, making him secretary of the Whittington Club in return.

After twenty-five years in the Army, the major got into touch with Stanley through an advertisement, which called for a person to fill a position of trust, and every penny of his savings has been lost.

A pitiable plight

Although the above cases have not received publicity before, similar coups have been dealt with in these pages and our criticisms eventually forced "Captain" Stanley into the Bankruptcy Court, with liabilities running into thousands of pounds.

Perhaps the most pathetic of his victims was an elderly woman who had let apartments to Stanley and his wife, and upon whom they posed as the Baron and Baroness de Beck.

This lady kept a boarding-house at Fulham and when the "captain" could not pay his bill honestly believed him when he stated that money was coming to him.

How complete was this poor woman's disillusionment when she eventually heard Stanley's sordid record unfolded at the Bankruptcy Court may be realised from the fact that she was later found in the corridor weeping bitterly.

The cause of anxiety

Constant references were made to JOHN BULL during the proceedings, and although "Captain" Stanley showed what appeared to be complete indifference at the time, it is known amongst his close associates that he was really very perturbed at the accuracy of our information.

Amongst his many methods of duping the unwary, "Captain" Stanley favoured the practice of passing worthless cheques.

At one time he was living in great style at Twickenham, where many tradespeople were induced to cash cheques on his behalf.

His *modus operandi*, after running up an account, was to call upon the tradesman concerned and offer a cheque in settlement. This would always be made out for an amount considerably in excess of the bill, and, pocketing the change, the "captain" would stride blithely away.

Quiet for a time

It was only when the dishonoured cheque eventually returned from the bank that the tradesman realised that he had been too trusting.

Stanley has also dabbled in shares, and in this connection induced a Mr. Charles Ray to pay him £50. The promised stock was never delivered into the hands of the investor, who, after repeated requests had been ignored, was forced to report the matter at Vine Street police station.

This was in 1923, and Stanley was arrested, charged with fraudulent conversion, but by paying back the money he contrived to have the charge withdrawn.

A few weeks ago he booked two passages for Canada, and if he had not been arrested on the trivial charges referred to he would have got safely out of the country.

It is scandalous that he should have escaped the due punishment for his greatest coups, but it is some consolation to us to know that we have been instrumental in laying such a superb swindler by the heels, if only for nine months.

COLOURED STUDENT SCANDAL

BOARDING-HOUSES OF ILL-REPUTE

Clean Them Up!

AT the present time there are numerous coloured men who, for the most part, reside in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road.

Of late years this part of London has gradually been encroached upon by people whose actions are likely to bring the neighbourhood into ill repute.

Already it is becoming honeycombed with houses of an undesirable nature.

An instance of the growing menace is afforded by the following exclusive story, in which the central figures are an Indian student and two young English girls, who are little more than children.

The student is Jehangir Dosabhai Bilimoria, who is studying for medical degrees in London, and lives in Gower Street.

An amazing story

Like many of his colleagues, he has recently frequented certain houses in the vicinity, where many of the students live in boarding establishments.

The police recently received a complaint in regard to Bilimoria's activities there. On the night of October 13 he went with two young white girls—Ellen Williams, aged fourteen, and Lilian Albutt, aged fifteen—to a neighbouring establishment.

It is impossible for us to dwell upon the details of Bilimoria's behaviour, but the police, after making full enquiries into the complaints against him, obtained a warrant for his arrest on very grave charges.

Bilimoria subsequently appeared at Bow Street Police Court to answer these charges before Mr. Graham-Campbell, the well-known Metropolitan magistrate, to whom he told an amazing story.

His version of the affair was to the effect that it was he who had been enticed to the house in question at the invitation of the young girls.

In these circumstances, it is a most extraordinary thing that the girls themselves were not called upon to give evidence in the witness-box!

Unequal justice

The counsel for Bilimoria declared in his defence that his client was a man of excellent character. His father, he stated, was an important Government official in India, who had sent his son to this country to complete his medical studies.

The magistrate was informed by Bilimoria's counsel that as circumstances had happily proved that the young girls were not seriously affected by the ordeal they had gone through, and as Bilimoria came from a country where somewhat different views of these matters were entertained, he might deal with the case as one of common assault, in which event his client would plead guilty.

This, in short, is what happened, and for his monstrous conduct Bilimoria escaped with the extremely lenient fine of £5 and £5 5s. costs in each case!

Many people will entirely disapprove of this form of justice. If a white man had acted in the same manner he would undoubtedly have been sent to prison without the option of a fine.

It is only right, therefore, that a coloured man who enjoys full privileges as a British subject should also receive equal treatment when he stands in the dock on a criminal charge.

Unavailing defence

Were this an isolated case it would not hold the same significance, but on making enquiries in the neighbourhood we find that instances in which complaints have been lodged against coloured students in respect of their behaviour towards white girls are far too frequent.

Upon enquiring at one address where coloured men had been known to stay, our representative was informed that the landlady had latterly refused to allow any men of colour to rent apartments from her on account of the fact that she had constantly found that young girls were invited by the men to their rooms.

At Bow Street, a short time ago, another case cropped up in which an Indian student was sued by a white girl for the maintenance of her illegitimate child.

The man put up a very ingenious defence, and made various counter-accusations against the woman, but in the end an order was made in the woman's favour.

The police have carried out a number of raids on undesirable houses in this vicinity, and certain convictions have been recorded against the proprietors, some of whom are aliens.

Mr. Graham-Campbell, magistrate at Bow Street Police Court

Our own investigations show that a number of undesirable resorts flourish in this neighbourhood with impunity.

A "clean-up" needed

Landlords, on the whole, cannot of course be blamed. But a very disquieting feature of the scandal, nevertheless, is that, in certain cases landlords have shown a marked preference for disreputable clients on account of the fact that they are able to extract much higher rents than they would be able to do if they only took tenants whose reputations were above suspicion.

What is wanted is a "clean up" movement on a more ambitious scale than has hitherto been attempted, and if the police will only decide to act in this way we shall be happy to supply them with a number of addresses to which their attention may well be directed.

RED-HOT SNOWBALLS!

TEMPTING FOREIGN FORTUNES

Wonderful money-making schemes are now being pushed. A little consideration will show what they are worth

SCARCELY a week passes which does not bring us a number of queries relating to offers of wealth made by certain philanthropic gentry residing outside these shores.

A few typical examples, taken at random from our postbag, should serve to indicate the general nature of such offers and afford some guidance to our readers in the future.

From Reading comes an enquiry from a gentleman who has received a communication from Mercier and Co., "Guarantors," of 22, Rue D'Athenes, Paris.

"A new and most novel scheme now hails from Paris" is the interesting announcement made by this company, which deplores the fact that in most big prize schemes many thousands of people are left with nothing to console them.

Links in the chain

In the Paris proposition, however, there is a prize waiting for every entrant, and a substantial prize at that!

The firm announces that it guarantees its proposition, which "is very aptly named the 'Golden Chain,'" and invites active participation.

On looking into the proposition we make the disappointing discovery that the "new and most novel scheme" is nothing more or less than the hoary old "snowball" dodge.

Entrants are requested to sell four 1s. coupons to four friends, who will be required to sell four other coupons in turn until something like 1,300 have been disposed of. Only in this case the coupons are called "links."

Money without work

How it is possible for a prize of £150 to be waiting for every entrant is something of a mystery.

Now let us turn to a pamphlet issued by the "Credit Hollandais—Amsterdam (Holland), which is headed, "Beware of Imitations!"

"Earn money without money" is the slogan of this concern, which offers a fortune for everybody.

The fortune consists of "two thousand Dutch guilders, or one hundred and sixty pounds sterling, cash," and it is offered "without your spending a farthing and without your doing special work."

Alas! We have only to read on a few lines further to find that "it is the duty of every claim-holder to sell four claims to four serious friends and to watch that these return the claims to us with fl. 3—each (about 1s. 8d.) and do just the same what you will have done."

In a subsequent paragraph claim-holders are warned "expressively" not to care about "coursing rumours, pretended prohibitions and newspaper articles of reporters who only want to create sensation without thinking of the consequences."

A trial of patience

They are to go patiently on, for if the matter "will be not continued with the necessary seriousness claim-holders will get lost of their profit."

That is just the point. Even supposing the scheme possessed mathematical possibilities, its success would be entirely dependent upon every member of the hundreds of claim-holders carrying out his part to the letter.

A Birmingham reader has just written to ask our opinion of foreign lotteries, citing the Danish Colonial Class Lottery as an example. He has been favoured with a letter from Carl Konig, of Copenhagen, enclosing four "guaranty notes" which purport to reserve him tickets in a forthcoming lottery.

A strange coincidence

During the summer an attempt to foist Danish lottery tickets upon people in this country was made by C. Lund and Co., of Copenhagen, by telling them their tickets in a previous lottery had won 40,000 francs.

As some of the people so favoured had never held a ticket in the lottery in question they were somewhat surprised, and they were still more astonished when they discovered that the number of the ticket quoted was the same in each case!

Cautious people will naturally shun all such offers, whilst others who cannot resist the temptation to gamble would be more patriotic if they put their money into speculations in this country—of which there are more than enough!

THE LOLLIPOP LURE

A SWEET ROAD TO SUCCESS

Confectionery by Post

OUR great confectionery concerns must look to their laurels. There is a movement on foot to crowd them out of business and rob them of their markets. Their huge plants and factories will avail them nothing, their organisation will be set at nought, and the profits they once enjoyed will be snatched from them.

At least, that is the opinion one might form after perusing certain literature which is being sent out from a Regent Street office by a concern called the National Confectionery Industry.

This organisation is bent on opening up "the happy highway to success" for men and women throughout the country by offering them "a complete home study course on confectionery making and selling."

A matter of surprise

Would-be sweet-makers who apply to the concern are favoured with a lavish supply of attractively printed matter and a long letter from the secretary, who signs himself as G. Smith.

"You will note," runs the letter, "that our book explains the opportunity we offer you to earn money in your spare time at home. No doubt you will be surprised to learn that National sweet-making is such a profitable business . . . but once you know the 'National' method you have in your hands a wonderful money-making profession."

The applicant is further assured that no previous experience is necessary. Success is guaranteed and workers "are admitted to all privileges and services of our organisation."

Spare-time workers are told that it should be no trouble for them to earn from 10s. to 20s. a day, and sales are arranged through the concern's "Distributing Department," a very convenient method of disposing of their wares.

"Gain independence early and enjoy comfortable retirement" is the alluring slogan to be found in the booklet.

A wonderful promise

A picture showing a lissom lady tourist admiring the pyramids bears the caption, "Earn the means to see the glories and mysteries of foreign shores whilst still young enough to enjoy them to the full."

Membership of the National Confectionery Industry may be gained by payment of £5 5s.—surely a modest fee when "glorious independence" is promised in return?

If you cannot pay the membership fee down you may send a deposit of £3 3s. and five fortnightly instalments of 10s. 6d.

In one instance still greater consideration was shown. The initial deposit was reduced to £1 1s., the balance to be wiped off in fortnightly instalments of 10s. 6d., and when the gentleman so favoured still showed reticence, he received a most kindly epistle from the secretary.

"I wonder what the trouble can be?" Mr. Smith wrote. "I cannot imagine why I have not heard from you."

And after much talk of ambition and fascinating employment, the secretary informed the shy applicant that he had been awarded a "Special Course" by the membership committee.

This meant that if he took up the ordinary sweet-making course he would be entitled to receive "special lessons on cake icing and decoration . . . without extra cost."

Cheerful optimism

The concern is certainly to be congratulated upon the attractiveness of its printed matter, and if optimism counts few will deny that it deserves to make a success of the venture.

A representative of JOHN BULL who called at Regent Street was shown some chocolates which he was informed had been made by one of the pupils.

Their quality was quite good, but whilst the concern may be well qualified to instruct pupils in the art of sweet-making, most people will agree with us that pupils would have to work very hard to gain the "independence early and enjoy comfortable retirement" mentioned in the pamphlet "The Happy Highway to Success."

HOUNDED TO DEATH

SUICIDE'S PATHETIC LETTER

What the Coroner Did Not Know

AT Strood, in the fair county of Kent, a man named Bertram Lewis Hartnup recently ended his troubles in tragic circumstances.

After forty years of life he did not wish for a continued existence on this earth and sought oblivion, as so many harassed people have done, by placing his head in a gas-oven.

Hartnup was a 'bus inspector and also maintained a little tobacconist's and hairdressing business. His wife was characterised in a pathetic letter which he left behind him as "the best of pals," and outwardly one might have supposed that he had many interests in life that should have kept him from his drastic act.

"He took life much too seriously," was one of the statements made by Mrs. Hartnup during the inquest, but she told how, on the night preceding the tragedy, her husband had been making plans for the future.

The hidden truth

Everything was perfectly clear, declared the coroner. Everything pointed to the fact that Hartnup was of unsound mind. It had been mentioned that he suffered from insomnia, and undoubtedly that was a contributory cause.

The coroner, Mr. R. J. M. Stedman, sympathised with Mrs. Hartnup and relatives, observing that time alone would heal the wound.

Now, in spite of the coroner's assertion, everything was not clear. As a matter of fact, the whole truth behind this tragedy was not made manifest during the proceedings in the coroner's court, and, though it in no way affects the decision of that court, we feel that there are very strong reasons why it should be made public.

A pathetic letter

There is no doubt whatever that the unfortunate man was in a greatly harassed state of mind. The moving letter which he left behind him clearly indicates that.

"My Darling Wife," he wrote. "Good-bye and God give you strength to bear up. I feel I have gone mad. You have been the best of pals. We have tried hard to get on, but everything seems against us. Cheer up and try to carry on. Good-bye till we meet where there will be no more trouble.—BERT."

Apart from indicating the writer's state of mind the above letter also shows that Mr. Hartnup's troubles were of far greater magnitude than mere insomnia. It also shows that they had been shared with his wife. "Everything seems against *us*," he wrote.

Mrs. Hartnup hinted in evidence that her husband had had terrible money troubles a few months back, but the exact nature of these troubles was not disclosed.

What, then, is the truth? What troubles so preyed upon this unhappy man's mind that even the knowledge that his secret was shared by "the best pal in the world" could not restrain him from ending his agony in death?

The fatal grip

Alas! the burden he carried was one which has proved too much for many a harassed soul. He was in the grip of moneylenders and was being overwhelmed by demands which warped his whole perspective and rendered every outlook hopeless.

Here are a few plain facts—facts which must make all thinking people burn with indigation. When Hartnup was in pecuniary difficulties a year or two back he sought temporary relief by turning to a moneylender.

Instead of providing a solution to his troubles it merely increased them. In the end he found himself in the toils of no fewer than three moneylenders.

For loans aggregating £160 he had given, in the first place, promissory notes for £237. In all, however, he paid back about £900 without freeing himself even then!

It seems a pity that these facts were not revealed in the coroner's court. The coroner might then have had some strong remarks to make upon the contributory causes of Hartnup's loss of reason.

Penalising the Pioneers

FIFE'S UNFAIR BYLAWS

Enterprise that is Thwarted

CONSIDERABLE indignation has been aroused amongst residents in the Kirkcaldy and Leven districts on account of the introduction of certain new bylaws affecting road traffic.

They complain that services have been restricted to such an extent that, apart from greater intervals between 'buses, the journeys on certain routes now take very much longer.

But whilst the public certainly has very strong grounds for dissatisfaction, various private 'bus companies are hit by these new bylaws in a way which savours of gross unfairness.

For it is claimed that as a result of the new regulations 50 per cent. of the private 'buses have been ordered off one route alone.

This means that many former employees have been thrown out of work, and costly vehicles are left standing idle whilst the public all the time is clamouring for a better service.

Saving at a price

Apparently the excuse put forward by the authorities is that the roads will be much safer, but it is claimed that there have been very few accidents on the route which has suffered most by the framing of the new regulations.

Another reason given was that the expenditure on road upkeep was becoming too great, and it was hoped that something would be saved in this direction by cutting down the 'bus services.

But what will be saved in this respect will be more than lost by private enterprise, and the injustice of this lies in the following facts.

Money wasted

Two of the companies concerned claim to have been the pioneers in this particular area.

They were the first to come forward and offer the public better travelling facilities. They have developed their services and have increased the number and quality of their vehicles.

Now, all the money they have expended upon providing comfortable and up-to-date vehicles has simply been wasted, and their 'buses must stand idle.

Most of our readers will feel that the combined claims of the travelling public and these enterprising pioneers are worthy of careful consideration, and that bylaws which victimise so many people should be modified without delay.

LABOUR leaders are realising that industrial strife is bad for everybody. Why cannot employers and workpeople give conciliation and arbitration a real chance? Mr. Williams gives abundant and convincing reasons for peace in industry

The Madness of Strife

by ROBERT WILLIAMS *(ex-Chairman of the Labour Party)*

IN the course of my presidential address at the Margate Labour Party Conference, I said that trade unionism had achieved more by methods of conciliation than by strikes. I repeat, not merely without repentance, but with increased emphasis:

The Labour Party is the foremost Party in condemning military preparedness. We do not think the way to assure international or industrial peace is by preparing for war. The Communists and the self-styled Minority Movement, whose membership is negligible, but whose influence is mischievous, are sedulously propagating the idea that reforms and progress will come from the increasing misery of the masses.

Strike following strike, blow after blow, far-flung disturbances, one following upon the other, will (they say) bring about the forcible overthrow of what is called "the Capitalist System."

The propagators of this mischievous gospel of despair have to be countered and their influence destroyed. Several of my critics have pointed out that success in conciliation and arbitration has been secured only by the workers retaining the right to strike as a final resort.

With this I am inclined to agree, providing that the right to strike, and, what perhaps is more sinister, the employers' power to lock out, are the last and not the first considerations in industrial affairs.

A bold lead wanted

Friends of mine have said to me, "Your address was admirable. What you said required saying. The movement really needs a bold lead on sound constructive lines of thought; but you should have left it for someone else to say!" With this I profoundly disagree.

I suppose I have had as much experience of trade union negotiations, national and international, as any man of my own age, and I consider that the "platform" and publicity afforded to me at Margate not only required but compelled me to say publicly what thousands of my colleagues are saying privately.

Let me give a few illustrations of the advantages of conciliation over strike action.

In September, 1919, there was a national railway strike. The National Union of Railwaymen were allied with the Miners' Federation, the Transport Workers' Federation (of which I was secretary), through the Triple Alliance, since defunct.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and Mr. C. T. Cramp might have sought the co-operation of their "allies." They knew, however, that this would only make confusion worse confounded.

The fruits of negotiation

On the fourth day of the dispute a Mediation Committee was formed, of which I was secretary, and thanks to skilful handling by experienced men like Messrs. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., J. R. Clynes, M.P., James (now Sir James) O'Grady, Harry Gosling, M.P., and several others, a meeting was quickly arranged between the executives of the railway unions on the one hand, and the Prime Minister (then Mr. Lloyd George) and his Cabinet colleagues on the other.

After several days' negotiation, a formula was found and in the interest of the nation an honourable settlement of the dispute was effected.

As a direct result of this dispute, a Railway Wages Board was formed with an independent chairman, which is one of the most effective of up-to-date pieces of conciliation machinery we have in the country.

In 1920, the dockers and waterside workers presented a claim to their employers for a 16s. a day minimum wage. This claim was referred to a court of enquiry presided over by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline.

Mr. Ben Tillett, Mr. Arthur Pugh, Mr. Harry Gosling and I were the assessors on the workmen's side, appointed to assist Lord Shaw, with four employers' nominees representing the employing interests.

What a strike did

After some two weeks' enquiry and consideration, my colleagues and Lord Shaw signed a Majority Report agreeing on a 16s. per day minimum wage for dockers and waterside workers.

We might have forced a strike and brought about dislocation of trade and intense suffering, but I am pleased to say that we were able to establish better results by a fortnight's mediation than by long weeks of industrial stoppage and upheaval.

Let me now examine the mining industry. In 1919 Mr. Justice Sankey was appointed as the chairman of a Royal Commission on the mining problem, and as a direct result of the skilful advocacy of Robert Smillie and Frank Hodges, the miners got a seven-hour day and substantial increases in their daily rates of pay.

Later, in 1920, a strike was forced and they lost some of the advantage gained by methods of conciliation in 1919.

In 1921, a long, embittered dispute followed the decontrol of the mines, hurriedly precipitated by the Coalition Government, and again, in consequence of the strict adherence of the Miners' Federation to the idea of securing a "national pool," they lost in real wages.

In 1923, the question of increased wages was referred to the Buckmaster Committee and by methods of mediation, and in consequence of the arguments of their leaders, the miners won back a little of that which they had lost in 1921.

What the worker wants

Again, in 1925, the matter of the miners' grievances was referred to the Samuel Commission, which reported in 1926 in favour of conditions of employment which would be in advance of anything the miners can obtain to-day.

It must not be imagined that conciliation machinery has been confined to railways, transport, and now and again mining. Other industries have enjoyed the advantages of long-established conciliation plans and procedure.

As far as I understand Labour's industrial attitude, in the main it desires to be creative and reconstructive. The worker wants a higher standard of life, and realises that this can best be secured by means of co-operation.

Unfortunately, for years past a small body of active individuals, carrying on an unceasing and relentless propaganda, is proselytising a doctrine of despair. It knows that when men are in dispute, they will listen to every form of pernicious doctrine.

The policy of the overwhelming mass of those who subscribe to Labour's programme is the gospel of hope rather than the doctrine of despair. The best argument in favour of this is the fact that four million workers are members of the Co-operative Movement, with its £55,000,000 of invested capital and its annual trade turnover of £80,000,000.

The Co-operative Movement was not built up out of strife, but out of the creative genius of the masses of our common people. The friendly

Mr. Robert Williams

societies and trade unions and the political Labour movement were built up out of the experiences of the past and the desire to live a fuller life.

A negation of civilisation

I candidly confess that recent years have brought their disillusionment to me.

During the four and a half years of war I was an advocate of peace by negotiations. The brutal and callous statements, nation wide in their influence, that the only good German was a dead German, revolted me, knowing as I did that the German is just as good a parent, just as good a citizen, and just as good a trade unionist as the Britisher.

Believing profoundly as I did, and as I continue to do, that war between the nations is a violation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, I say with all the vehemence at my command that conciliation in trade disputes should be exhausted before we have recourse to the arbitrament of industrial war.

In international war the non-combatants frequently suffer more than those casually engaged in military operations.

So I repeat, in far-flung industrial disputes, any sympathetic action given by large masses is the negation of our present-day civilisation.

I know only too well that the peremptory lock-out notices tendered to the miners by the mine-owners in April of this year was the cruellest act imaginable. The mine-owners were secure behind their war profits, their war stocks and their inflated capital values. They knew that if the lock-out lasted six weeks or six months, they and their dependents would not go without a single meal.

A real co-operative commonwealth

But, surely, the miners should have realised that the broad mass of public opinion in this country was in favour of a fair deal for the miners, those who invest their blood, bones and tissue in the mining industry, even as the mine-owners have invested their capital values, and had it been possible, 80 per cent. of the people of our country would have voted in favour of peace on honourable and reasonable terms.

It only remains to be seen whether the sane constructive section of the employers will meet the sane constructive representatives of Labour, in order to determine what lines we shall follow first of all to give the workers, who are the prime factors in producing the world's wealth, a reasonable standard of life, thus permitting us to decide, by majority rule, how far political developments may enable us to shape our course in order to make this country a real co-operative commonwealth.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. Princess MARIE LOUISE,
Pall Mall, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—The splendid work you are doing on behalf of the Leper Colony at East Hanningfield sets an example to women of means and leisure everywhere. To these most terribly afflicted people you come as an angel of help, trying to make them smile and, if possible, for a little while, forget. You do not shrink from spending a whole week-end in their company. The alleviation of the terrible isolation by making the lepers' home really homelike is all you think of. It is splendid that one noble woman constantly thinks of those whom the world forgets.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I notice you have joined the great company of prophets and warn the future populations of this country what they may expect to find if they dig up London two or three thousand years hence. What about making a few better Parliamentary Records for possible excavators to find? Parchments are among the things great nations leave behind, and it wouldn't be amiss to have one or two in readiness, say, dealing with a really satisfactory settlement of the coal dispute, the unemployment problem and the destruction of slums! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG, K.C., M.P.,
Attorney-General.

DEAR SIR,—Now that there is so much wild talk in Tory circles as to the wisdom of clipping the wings of trade unions, it is satisfactory to read the utterances of so responsible a member of the Government as yourself. The right to strike, you say, is a right you would never consent to attack. As a last resource, men must ever remain at liberty to withhold their labour in order to obtain better industrial conditions for themselves. Any statesman who seeks to dispute this would be committing political suicide. But that is not to say that the men should not be freed from the autocracy of some of their leaders! JOHN BULL.

To Captain GILBERT FRANKAU,
Lancaster Gate Terrace, W.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent article you wrote: "England has no great emotional actresses. There is not one on the stage to-day who can shove over big emotions; in America there are hundreds." It is a pity, then, that the Yankees keep these brilliant ladies all to themselves, for I challenge you to point to a single one who has visited us who can hold a candle to Miss Sybil Thorndike or Miss Edith Evans for supreme histrionic power. You seem to be one of those warped gentlemen who can see good in every land but your own. JOHN BULL.

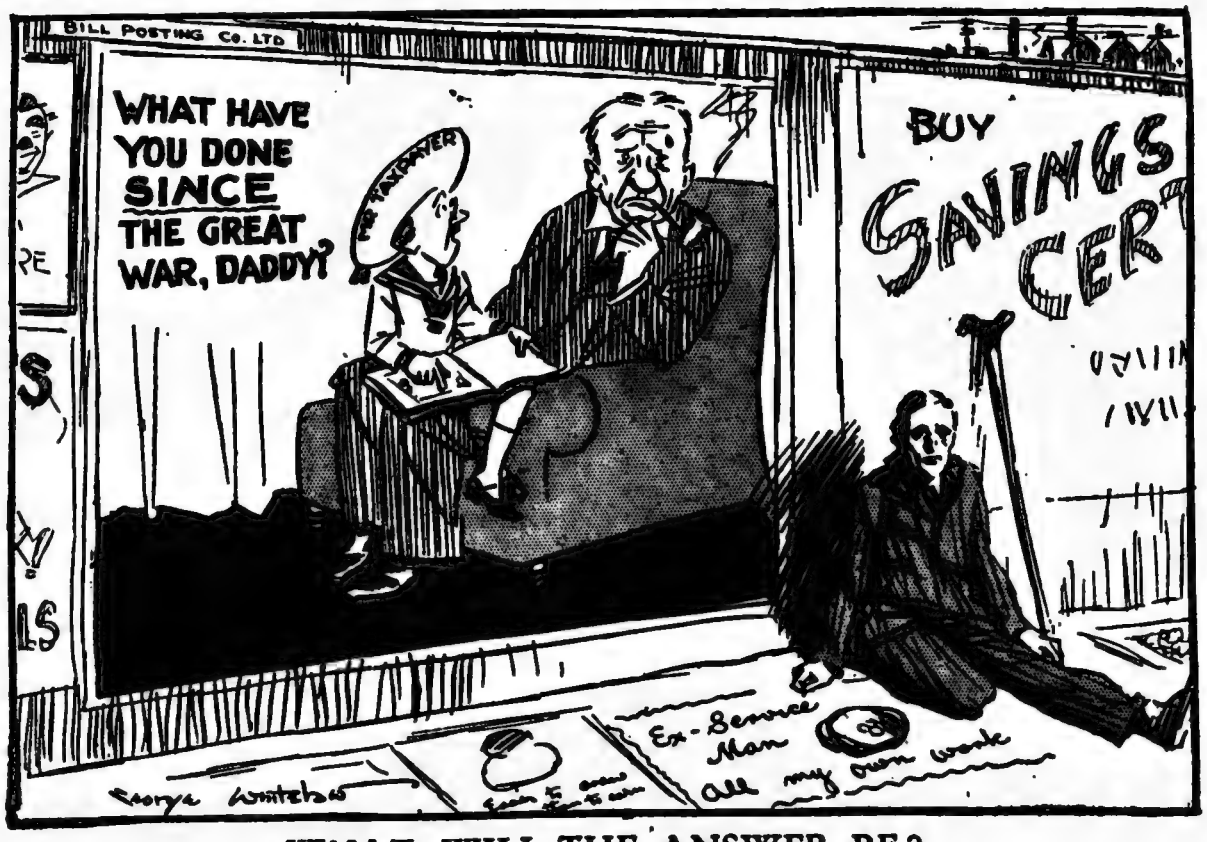
To Dr. CYRIL NORWOOD,
Headmaster, Harrow School.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily concur in your view that there is a danger of great boarding-schools becoming too exclusive in their outlook. The type of mind in the scholars is a reflection from their homes. Those who believe that the labourer never does any work, that strikers are always in the wrong, and that all people who sympathise with either of these are all Bolsheviks, are a menace and a danger in our midst. I am glad that you have grasped them by the beard and given them the truth. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Unity House, N.W.

DEAR "JIM,"—It is clear to me that you have hold of the right end of the stick when you declare that there is too often to-day a tendency for trade unions to abuse their powers and forget that those powers carry with them responsibilities. It is just this that lends a handle to those people who, seeing the rottenness of much in our industrial system, demand a great industrial upheaval to set matters right in five minutes. Honesty demands an equal standard of honour as between employed and employers. It's the trying to get without any return giving that does the damage.

JOHN BULL.



WHAT WILL THE ANSWER BE?

To Mr. W. GRIMES,
Holbeach, Lincs.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily congratulate you upon your success in winning the ploughing match at Fleet. Though you can boast of seventy-three years of toil on the land, your eye is still clear and your hand steady. It proves the healthful value of a life on the land, and makes me hope that the day will come when the country will get a much larger population to work on it. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor C. C. SMALLWOOD,
Mayor-Designate, Colchester.

DEAR SIR,—I approve your declared policy of cutting down the amount of public feasting and entertaining that usually goes on in most municipalities. You will try to carry out any functions necessary to continue historical interest, but will ruthlessly omit those which are purely social and for which there is no real tradition. Sensible and harassed ratepayers will thank you. JOHN BULL.

To the BLIND SCHOOLBOYS,
Leeds.

DEAR LADS,—Though you are denied the blessing of sight you allow that to hinder neither your work nor your enjoyment. By means of a bell inside the ball you can follow its whereabouts and put up as good a game of football as a fellow may wish to see. You have been filmed at play. May the exhibition of the picture remind people not to forget the claims of the blind! JOHN BULL.

To Professor CRAMP,
Birmingham University.

LEARNED SIR,—I notice you have been preaching the hypocritical doctrine that hard work is in itself a desirable and noble thing. I admit great happiness can result from the contemplation of work well done; but to pretend that monotonous toil is satisfying is sheer humbug. You claim that it is wrong for students to aim at a high position and proportionate pay. Since these mean contentment and prosperity for dependants, they are consummations devoutly to be wished. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CLARKE-HALL,
Old Street Police Court, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—I share your indignation that a girl who came from Wales in answer to an advertisement for a maid, and finding the place not to her liking, should be turned out into the street. There is very evidently a fresh attempt being made to traffic in girls who, through the coal stoppage, may be in distress. If all magistrates, like yourself, would co-operate with the vigilance societies that are trying to stem the evil it would go a long way to stop it altogether. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. CHURCHILL:—"The problem of the Government is to produce prosperity . . . it is not impossible."

But highly improbable seeing that the Government has settled down to permanent inaction.

* * *

SIR FOSTER BURN:—"It is impossible for me to understand how any true teacher of morality can fail to teach insurance."

Study how the present system of industrial insurance works out in the lives of the people and you will understand.

* * *

MR. J. S. WARDLOW-MILNE, M.P.:—"There must be some transfer to the emigrant of the benefit rights which he might have earned by his work in this country."

Why not concentrate on freeing the land so that men may work in this country?

* * *

COLONEL WILFRID ASHLEY:—"It is within the Empire that we shall find the greatest outlet for our manufactures."

But not if we are always involved in industrial troubles that the Government makes no slightest attempt to settle.

Without Fear or Favour—

—by the Editor

WINNIE, HAROLD AND WILLIAM!

Birth-control Cant

THE efforts of the Mothers' Union to make birth control a religious question, supported as they are by the Archbishop of Canterbury, seem to us ill-advised.

It is urged that it is a duty and an honour for all normal married persons to accept God's gift of a family, and that a refusal to rear children is sinful.

In this matter the ideal, they claim, is personal self-control. Now average men and women are not beasts, but neither are they angels. Even the Prayer-book teaches that one of the objects of mating is to lessen the temptation to transgress the moral code, thus implying that it is right and proper for us to exercise our natural functions.

In a perfect world, the result of this might well be left to Nature; but in a world warped by injustice and shackled by industrial unrest, where one possesses so much more than he can use and another has so much less than he requires, it is not practicable to leave the hazard of propagation to take care of itself.

Birth control to-day is an economic matter. So long as the State refuses to make provision for its children it is a crime for those who cannot afford to rear and educate them to bring them into the world.

It is absurd to expect the poor among us to exercise an unnatural restraint, and it is monstrous to ask them to surround themselves with children for whom they are unable to provide the necessaries of life.

We hold that, under existing conditions, birth-control propaganda in State-aided clinics is not only justifiable but positively essential. To deny it is to add to the misery and poverty of the world, which does not strike us as a righteous thing to do.

Britain's Opportunity

WHEN addressing the Bradford Textile Society, Mr. Arthur Michael Samuel, M.P., Minister for Overseas Trade, emphasised the possibilities of Empire development in the production of raw silk.

Just as the production of rubber was fostered to our profit, so, he claims, could raw silk be nursed into robust maturity.

At present we are paying £2,000,000 annually for silk of foreign origin, though this might easily be exported from our own possessions, nor is there any reason why we should not be supplying the United States, which already absorbs three-quarters of the world's supply.

Cyprus is now producing excellent raw silk, and instead of sending the cocoons to Marseilles to be dealt with, as was formerly the case, she is reeling them herself. Many parts of India—Kashmir and Mysore, to name but two—can produce silk of the finest quality and experiments have proved that it can be grown successfully in Jamaica, Hongkong, Kenya, and Rhodesia.

So promising a source of revenue should not be neglected, and it would be well if the Imperial Conference could spare the time to give consideration to the development of this industry.

A Trio's Tactless Tune

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P. *Lord Rothermere.* *The Rt. Hon. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P.*

THE Soviet has sent a good many thousands of pounds for the support of the miners. If it had had any sense it would have sent this money as a subsidy to Messrs. Churchill, Joynson-Hicks and Rothermere, since these three gentlemen have done more to foster the growth of Communism in this country than all the bletherings of Mr. Cook.

The Rothermere Press blared and bellowed for days before the recent municipal elections that it was a fight between Constitutionalism and Communism. Nothing could have been more untrue.

But the fact that the Socialists have won sweeping victories will, of course, be taken abroad to mean that a great Communist victory has been won in Great Britain, and the Soviet will naturally be encouraged to redouble its propagandist efforts.

If we were to believe this trio of panic-mongers Great Britain is Communist-ridden to a degree, yet at Liverpool the one candidate who confessed himself a Communist polled fewer than 200 votes!

In a desperate effort to make our flesh creep the Home Secretary stated a week ago that "if he could only tell the secret history of the past two years, of the communications between Moscow and certain people in Great Britain, and of the intentions of the Moscow Government, we should find every item dovetailed into the others from the first until to-day when Mr. Cook was going back to his methods from Lenin."

JUST exactly what this extraordinary rigmarole means we do not pretend to say, but the intention is obvious of burking the real issue that has paralysed the industry of the country for twenty-six weeks by dragging the Communist red herring across the track.

So far as this country is concerned, the only effect is to make us smile at the pompous antics of the Home Secretary, but when stuff like this is the substance of a responsible speech by a responsible Minister, the consequences abroad are apt to be serious.

Mr. Churchill, on November 1, said that "Great Britain was at the present time the object of the closest attention and unflagging energy of a foreign Government—the Bolshevist Government of Russia." He assured the nation that the Government was ready to put down sedition with a strong hand.

We do not know exactly what this means either, but no one could blame the Bolsheviks for believing that their propaganda was on the eve of wild success. Whereas nothing could possibly be further from the truth.

The facts are that the Labour Party gained its most striking victories in the industrial districts where the mishandling of the coal dispute by the Government has led to the most serious effects, while another factor which always counts heavily in municipal elections is that Labour supporters take the trouble to go to the polls and their opponents remain apathetic.

THE chief lesson that we would like to draw from the turmoil of these elections is that it is entirely wrong that in such matters as municipal administration politics should enter into the field at all.

What has politics to do with such things as housing and sanitation, efficient transport, and the thousand and one domestic details with which the borough council has to concern itself?

Business ability and common-sense, together with at least a modicum of brains, should be the only criterion for the suitability or otherwise of a municipal candidate.

Dishonouring the Dead

FEW things are more difficult to deal with than the behaviour of those in the first throes of agony at the loss of their dead. Yet there is a time to speak, no less than a time to keep silent.

The time to speak came when Sedgefield Guardians had before them the case of a woman in dire distress who, just before her appeal for relief, had received an award of £42 in respect of her husband's death.

The widow had frittered away over £41 of this compensation in adding mourning clothes, a sumptuous tea, and other funeral fallals to the actual expenses of the burial, with the result that she and her family became immediately chargeable to the rates. Not unnaturally the guardians raised the whole question of the foolish expenditure of the poor upon funerals.

It is a question exercising other minds besides those of local authorities. The Rev. T. P. Stevens, Vicar of St. Matthew's, New Kent Road, is aghast at the expenditure of the poor of South London in the same direction.

At the funeral of a woman in his parish a collection was made in the neighbouring streets and at least £250 was raised and wasted on the highly perishable memorials of flower trophies. The dead woman's children are now in dire need of both boots and bread.

Human folly can hardly go further.

A Mind in Torment

AT the Northamptonshire Assizes the other day Mr. Justice Sankey had to deal with a man approaching forty years of age, William Bryan, charged with the abduction of a young girl. A more pitiable history in this respect it would be hard to find.

In 1914 Bryan joined the Army, being severely wounded in France and attacked with shell-shock. After a period of treatment he was discharged, but with an indomitable determination to serve his country, re-enlisted under another name and got back into the fighting line.

This time he was badly gassed, while the symptoms of shell-shock recurred in such an aggravated shape that he was lodged for nine months in a mental hospital at Warrington, being discharged in 1917 with a life-pension of 12s. a week.

If the foregoing facts were not sufficient to raise grave doubts as to the prisoner's state of mind, there was a bad family record of insanity. The man's mother had once, and his sister twice, been certified for asylum treatment.

With this record in front of him Mr. Justice Sankey sentenced Bryan to three months' imprisonment, merely expressing the hope that the prison authorities would keep an eye on his mental condition.

Surely this was the wrong course. If a man is mad, as there was but too much painful reason to believe that this man was, he ought not to be branded for life as a criminal, but to be given medical care.

A Sinister Statesman

by A. G. GARDINER

THE tyrant of Italy is becoming the tyrant of Europe. The example of past failures of despots concerns him not. His power will have to be broken if the peace of the world is not again to be ruthlessly assailed

Mussolini

THE occurrences which have been taking place on the Franco-Italian border during the last few days make it necessary to turn the searchlight this week on Signor Mussolini. It is necessary because if there is to be another first-class row in Europe we shall not escape the consequences.

If incidents like those at Ventimiglia—where Mussolini's black shirts subjected French railwaymen to insult and outrage and invaded the French Consulate—go on, they will culminate in war, and on the day that war breaks out British interests will be involved, the British Navy will be mobilised for all emergencies, and a torrent of events will be started which will drag us into the vortex.

That being so, it is important that if this country is to exercise any restraining influence on the situation it must act now before it is too late. It must leave Mussolini in no doubt as to where public opinion here stands and what its reactions are to the incendiary activities of his followers.

A second Napoleon!

He must not be left under the impression that the flatulent adulation of the Rothermere Press or the compliments of our simple-minded Foreign Secretary mean that he has British opinion behind him. We have not spent a million lives and thousands of millions of money in putting down one European dictator in order to put up another.

And that that is the part for which Mussolini has cast himself is obvious. He is the most disturbing figure on the stage of Europe to-day. He has raised himself to a personal power in the life of a State that has not been equalled since Napoleon trod the stage.

Beginning as the most violent of anarchist propagandists, he has leapt to power on a tide of reaction and has established the most absolute personal despotism that has existed on the Continent for a hundred years.

He has trampled on the Crown and on Parliament, made himself Prime Minister, the Chief War Lord, the Lord High Admiral, the Foreign Secretary and the autocrat of every department of State.

A reign of terror

Every free newspaper has been either suppressed or terrorised into submission. His black shirts, on which his tyranny rests, burn, murder and outrage with impunity, for the law, like the Press, is terrorised and has ceased to administer justice where the creatures of the tyranny are concerned.

Freedom, as we understand it in this country, has ceased to exist, and it is a punishable offence to whisper such criticisms of the Government as are the everyday commonplace of our attitude towards Mr. Baldwin or any of our public men. Mussolini has ceased to be a man subject to public judgment; he has become a divinity to be worshipped and obeyed.

The Kaiser William, in his most extravagant moments, never affected so blatantly the rôle of a Superior Being ruling by divine right, regardless of law, constitution, Parliament, justice or any other sanction save his own will.

It may be argued, and argued fairly, that he has done great service to Italy and that he has the impassioned support of a large proportion of the people. In any case, if Italy likes to tolerate a tyranny, that is her affair. We should not tolerate it for a day, whether it came from Rome or from Moscow, for we have the principle of freedom and of Parliamentary government in our bones.

But when an internal tyranny becomes an external menace it becomes our affair. While the Kaiser William was hectoring his own people we were not involved. But when he sought to hector Europe the explosion came.

The despot's fatal path

If Russia chooses to sit down under a Communist tyranny we cannot interfere, but when that tyranny begins to subsidise revolution here we have a very clear duty to interfere.

And so with Mussolini. It is not because he is a despot in Italy, but because his despotism is a peril to Europe, that we watch his policy and his doings with concern.

The despot can only maintain his power at home by showing that he is powerful abroad.

That was the case with the Kaiser. That is the fatal path that Mussolini is travelling. He has set up a despotism that he knows cannot stand by itself. It must be fortified and established by external achievements. He must send his name ringing through the world as a challenge. If he is divine the world must confess his divinity or Italy herself will come to doubt it.

He must re-build the Roman Empire of antiquity. He must make his country great and feared. The Mediterranean must be an Italian lake subject to Roman rule.

His eye roves over the countries bordering on that lake and he sees them all potential parts of his new Roman Empire. He insults Germany one day; he insults France the next; he insults the League of Nations every day.

"Stop this fooling!"

The tyranny of his methods in the conquered provinces of the Tyrol is more ruthless than anything done by Austria in the past. His black shirts are pouring into French Tunis and crowding menacingly along the French-Italian border, with the cry "Nice for Italy."

He himself, having been shot at, insults France by telling her publicly that she is harbouring his enemies. He addresses his mobs of black shirts in flamboyant terms that make him an accessory before the fact to every outrage they perform.

"Black Shirts!" he cried last week at Bologna, "raise aloft your rifles! Let the whole world see this forest of bayonets and feel the beating of your hearts!"

You may say that this is tawdry tosh. But it is the same tosh, only more inflammatory, which led Germany to its downfall twelve years ago. It is tosh which is keeping every Chancellery in Europe on tenterhooks to-day, which has already provided the gravest crises that the League of Nations has had to handle, and is creating a situation with France that may lead to alarming consequences.

It is time for Europe to say to Mussolini, in a famous phrase, "Stop this fooling!" Stop this playing with fire, this silly brandishing of your paper sword. The Kaiser tried it and you know his fate, though he had all the might of Germany behind him. Italy is not Germany, and, if you will permit me to say so, you are not Napoleon. *Verb. sap.* Or, as they say in Lancashire, "'Nuff said."

The Cross

If the Churches tie Jesus to a gun one day, they cannot expect the people to want Him the next day

UP to the present time organised Christianity has only given lip service to the cause of peace; no serious attempt has been made to advocate the practical side of the life and teaching of Jesus. This has meant utter confusion in the minds of thousands as to where the Churches stand in relation to war.

The Rev. F. A. Jarman, J.P.

The Churches are complaining of the indifference of the people towards religion. Conference after conference is being held to discover why people do not take religion seriously. All kinds of reasons are being given for this indifference, but the real reasons are evaded.

I would dare to assert that the great mass of the people are not indifferent to real Christianity. Whatever indifference they have is directed against the false presentation of Christ's teaching.

I believe there is more honest faith in the people's indifference than in half the creeds of Churches. The indifference is often a testimony to the real Christianity, because they know in their hearts that Christ stood for other things than they see in the Churches.

If the Churches tie Jesus to a gun one day, they cannot expect the people to want Him the next day. It is sheer cant and humbug to arrange mass meetings in peace time to protest against tennis, football and other games being played on Sunday, and in war time to say nothing against all the devilish things done on Sunday.

I would ten thousand times rather see men playing games on Sunday than sticking bayonets into sandbags, even though a chaplain be present.

For the Churches to advocate killing as a means of salvation and to say that playing games leads to damnation is not only a denial of Christ, it is blatant hypocrisy.

THE indifference of the Churches to real peace is largely responsible for the people's indifference to false peace. In other words, the common people have a better estimate of the peace Christ stood for than the Churches have.

I would prefer to leave the matter alone were it not for the fact that I can see no sign of re-

An Amazing Letter

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHEN politicians are soliciting votes they pretend to be the servants of the public. Once the votes have been given and the seat in the House of Commons is won, the public is forgotten and the politician imagines himself a little dictator

GOD help the people! Nobody else seems inclined to do so, least of all the one political Party that calls itself the people's Party and shouts from every street corner that it is going to save the people from the evils of this wicked capitalist system, and lead them gently by the hand into the millennium by methods known only to itself, but methods which, once it gets the reins of power, are infallible.

I do not so much object to the politician who is quite frank about the matter, and who makes it clear by every action and by every word that he is in politics for what he can get out of it.

I do not very much mind the man who makes it quite clear that he is going to Parliament to safeguard his interests and the interests of his friends. I know at least what I am up against.

The man who makes me see red is the man who solicits my vote under pretence of helping me, and having got my vote and a sufficient number of others to give him a seat in the House of Commons and £400 a year for fighting my battles, promptly turns round and gives me a smack in the eye.

I am moved to these reflections by a most extraordinary letter that has just come into my hands. A reader of JOHN BULL, who, some years ago, was induced by an assurance company to take up two illegal policies found, naturally enough, that when it came to the point of the company paying out there was nothing doing.

A vain quest

The whole of his money has been lost, and he, not unreasonably, looked for someone who would fight his battle for him, and by so doing fight the battles of tens of thousands of other innocent people who have been duped and misled by the industrial assurance companies.

Clearly the one political Party that might be expected to jump at the chance of fighting the battles of the poor, upholding the high ideals of honesty and integrity in commercial life, stressing the necessity for swift and impartial justice between Government and governed, was the Labour Party.

He, therefore, circularised the whole of the Members of the House of Commons on the question of the iniquities of industrial assurance, and in particular brought his own case to the notice of the Parliamentary Labour Party, with the request that it should bestir itself in the matter.

"I am interested to know," he wrote, "if any combined move is being made by the Party to discuss what are undoubtedly illegal acts. The business seethes with corruption and it is time the House gave it attention and the nation woke up to the dirty work going on in the guise of industrial assurance."

A staggering letter

He waited anxiously to learn what the people's Party was proposing to do on behalf of the people, and he was not long left in doubt.

Two days later he received the following letter, which is worth reproducing exactly as he received it:

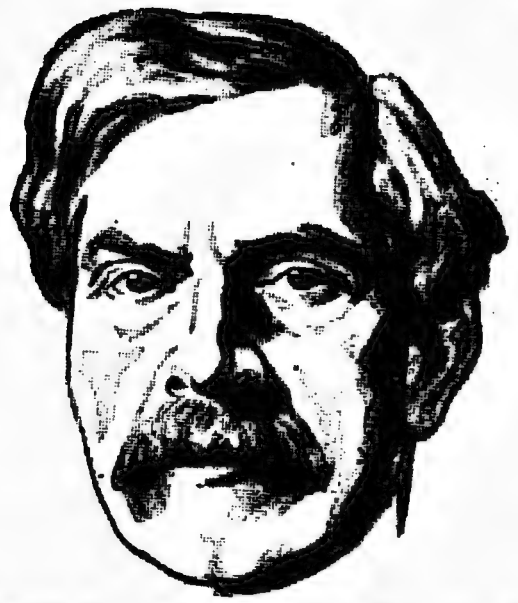
"Labour Party, House of Commons,
"19th May, 1926.

"DEAR SIR,—Your trouble undoubtedly looms very large in your opinion. But I would point out to you that if the Parliamentary Labour Party had power to deal effectively with all our present-day evils, and did so in order of magnitude, it would reach your particular question about ten years hence. Please have a little sense of proportion.—Yours faithfully,

"H. S. LINDSAY, Secretary."

I do not know Mr. Lindsay. If he were an ordinary citizen I should not be in the least interested in him. Even if he were, as well as being an ordinary citizen, a Member of Parliament, I should still not be very interested in him. But he is the Secretary of the Parliamentary Labour Party and may, therefore, be presumed to be speaking with authority when he writes a letter like this.

I can only assume that in expressing this opinion



The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Leader of the Labour Party. Did he approve of Mr. Lindsay's letter?

he was voicing the opinion of the Parliamentary Labour Party as a whole. For sheer indifference to the sufferings of the very people Mr. Lindsay and his Party are supposed to represent I have rarely seen this letter equalled.

Perhaps the secret of the God Almighty attitude displayed is to be found in a remark made to me by another Labour Member of Parliament when his attention was drawn in no uncertain manner to the monstrous evils of the industrial assurance game.

"Why should we bother," he said, blandly, "about this particular evil? What we are out for is to smash the whole bloody system. Why waste time smashing one little corner of it?"

Hot-air theories and empty talk

Theories! Hot air! All gas and gaiters! Talk, talk, talk! and never the least desire to get down to brass tacks and tackle the concrete things that are making the lives of the people of this country a misery and a burden!

Yet I will undertake that, if Mr. Lindsay will take me to any street in the country in which working men and women live, and call at a dozen houses haphazard, he would find in at least six of those houses fraud and trickery in active operation and money that can be ill spared being extorted week by week from the meagre wages of these people by the millionaire companies.

Yet Mr. Lindsay urges his correspondent "to have a little sense of proportion." He considers this question of so little importance that even was Labour in full control of the Government it would not feel like dealing with it until "about ten years hence."

And yet the next time Mr. Lindsay and his colleagues stand on the election platform they will tell the people how wicked all the other politicians are and how useless to put their trust in them, and that life will only be worth living if they return Mr. Lindsay and his friends to Parliament.

The people's verdict

The Parliamentary Labour Party must not complain if people think this sort of thing of it. It is its own fault. It should not pretend that its one burning desire is to help the people if it is not prepared to help the people when it gets the chance.

Of course, if its object is "to smash the whole bloody system," I can understand the lofty and detached point of view that considers a mere practical matter of nation-wide swindling beneath its notice.

If, on the other hand, it means what it says and believes that its mission in life is to better the lot of the working classes in this country the sooner Mr. Lindsay and his letter are repudiated the better.

ss of Steel

by the Rev. FRED A. JARMAN, J.P.

pentance on the part of the Churches as a whole. Knowing this to be true, we should be false to Christ if we remained silent. Never again must the Churches allow the sacred name of Christ to be made a tool of by war-mongers.

Our spiritual fathers have worshipped at the shrines designed by militarism, but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship God in spirit and in truth—the spirit of real peace.

DURING the war a certain missionary society issued a leaflet. On one side was a picture of a half-naked savage armed with a club and spear. This represented paganism.

On the other side was the self-same savage, garbed in khaki, with a gas mask on and armed with a rifle and bayonet. This represented Christianity! And we wonder why the people are indifferent to the Churches!

It is but fair to add that within the Churches there are small groups of men who are honestly trying to face facts.

They believe that war is the negation of all Christ taught; they do not believe that the kingdom of love can be established by weapons of hate and destruction.

They believe that when Jesus said to Peter, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," He disarmed the world.

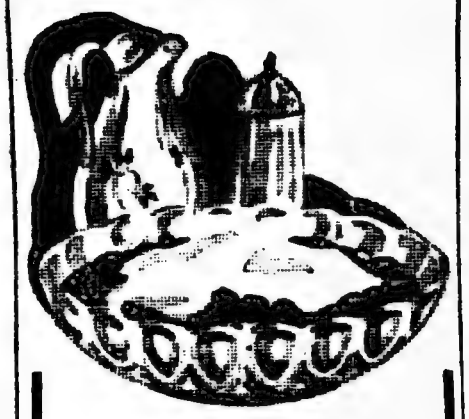
One of our great generals has said, "If you prepare for war you get war." Every benediction given to the god of Mars by the Churches is a denial of the God of love. Every blessing given to a gun is a curse upon the Cross. The Napoleons of the world have had their day, leaving behind them a long trail of dead, maimed and broken hearts.

Will the Churches come out of the silence to resume the same old path or will they lead the people along the path that will bring them real peace?

GENERAL PERSHING, when speaking at the grave of the Unknown Poilu, used these words: "Comrades! In your heart there is malice towards none, but charity for all.

"You fought against a real calamity—war; but your work will never be ended till all people rid themselves of the burden which preparedness for war imposes."

Christ or Mars—this is the choice before the Churches, and the peace of the world depends upon the answer.



THE cream jug and the dish of Fruit are faithful table partners. Where one goes the other accompanies it. That is as it should be. For who would think of serving Prunes or Stewed Fruit without that which makes it so extra nourishing and delicious—fresh Cream! In homes of to-day, whenever Fruit is served, you'll find dainty little jugs filled to their brims with thick rich cream, just as it comes from a tin of Ideal Milk. "Ideal" is Cream and Milk in one. It is pure, fresh, concentrated cow's milk with all moisture removed, leaving only the richest, creamiest milk.

Housewives prefer

IDEAL MILK

for its convenience and economy. It can be served direct from the tin as Cream while diluted with water it is excellent for all Cooking needs.

Why not make a trial to-day with the handy small tin? Price 4d., from all Grocers.

WHERE IS DADDY NOW?

THE GHOST IN THE POSTER

An Armistice Skeleton!

IT is a long time now since our streets were decorated—or disfigured—by posters intended to lash the tardy amongst the sons of Britain into taking action and enlisting.

There was the conscience-pricking poster of the young father seated at the family hearth with a well-dressed child perched on his knee, another sitting at his feet, both of them, like daddy, looking well fed and happy.

The children are questioning their father: "What did *you* do in the Great War, Daddy?"

Well, daddy either profiteered at home, or he went off to the front singing gaily:

"Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square . . ."

And now, after eight years, what is daddy doing?

A degrading exhibition

Leaving out the glorious dead, who "After life's fitful fever . . . sleep well"; leaving out all those prisoned in asylums, in hospitals and sanatoriums; leaving out those who came through the war comparatively safe, and who are now lucky daddies with good jobs and secure homes, we come to that vast, hopeless throng tramping the streets looking for work.

Or daddy is standing, cap in hand, before the guardians of his district, stuttering out the story of his sorry plight, in reply to off-hand, abrupt interrogations; or, again, he is laying before the official of some war charity, almost as though they were incriminating documents, his tattered discharge papers. He rather apologetically spreads out such a record as this:

The Major-General . . . has received a report of the gallant conduct of . . . on 3-10-18 in successfully carrying important messages under most difficult and dangerous circumstances, frequently crossing over open ground exposed to severe machine-gun fire and sniping, regardless of danger, and he wishes to congratulate him on his fine behaviour.

Mentioned in our despatches

Here are some extracts from daddies' letters to JOHN BULL:

I walk to town, a distance of sixteen-and-a-half miles, to see if I can get only a job to earn 2s. or 3s., but it is useless.

I have a wife and four young children and we are destitute. I have been unemployed for the past six weeks, and the only thing I have is a food ticket for 7s. 6d. a week.

An ex-Service man who has been out of work for four years, writes:

I have a wife and four children to keep and not a penny piece coming in . . . I cannot see the children go almost in rags to school and no boots to wear.

And the wife of an Irish daddy who fought in the 3rd Battalion Connaught Rangers sends us a heart-rending cry from Ireland:

My husband is in bed, nothing but a mere skeleton, wasted away to a thread, and not a penny in the world have we to live on. I have three children and they are in an awful way, naked and hungry.

A photographic reproduction of the famous war poster

Amongst other things she has had to pawn her husband's medals to provide food. He is dying of consumption.

A "daddy" who was wounded, gassed and taken prisoner, but has no pension, tells us he receives 29s. a week "dole," on which to keep himself, wife and three children under seven years old. His wife has recently been confined and needs nourishing food.

The true picture

The posters revealed the fictitious daddy in his home after the war. Here is the real picture of a daddy interviewed in his home the other day by one of our representatives.

In a house in a murky street near the Angel, Islington, daddy sits in a furnished room, which is his just so long as he can meet the weekly rental of 13s. That is his problem.

He has no pension, no work, no "dole," but the board of guardians allows him 12s. a week in cash and 18s. food ticket, and how can he pay a rent of 13s. (which is reasonable as furnished rooms go) out of 12s.?

Daddy has a baby girl on his knee another child plays on the floor. They haven't exactly the prosperous air of the poster children, and they are too young to ask their father impertinent questions regarding his doings in the Great War.

But daddy was out there all right, though he doesn't in the least resemble the well-fed poster father. He is thin and white, with careworn, anxious eyes.

Neither is there any smiling wife in the background of this picture. She is expecting another baby in two months' time, and the prospect isn't anything to smile at.

A dread prospect

This is daddy's history: he joined up when seventeen. After seven years' regular service, he came out on reserve as medically fit.

"But," he says, "I still suffer from effects of gas-poisoning, also jaundice contracted out East." Having joined the Army so young, he now finds himself among the ranks of the unskilled or semi-skilled unemployed.

For two reasons he will have to quit his furnished room: he owes rent, and he and his wife dare not be out of the house together, in case the door is shut against them; the Ministry of Health have ordered the partition-wall dividing their room from their neighbour's to be pulled down and rebuilt, because it is verminous.

"The board of guardians," says daddy, "will give me an order for the workhouse, but I have a dread of this happening. I am young, and, once there, the odds are against my chances of getting work."

They have pawned all they possess. The tickets are kept together with his discharge paper, which states: "This is to certify that the above-named soldier is a sober, honest, intelligent man; can work well."

In the neighbourhood this young ex-Service man bears an excellent character, and his gentle manner towards his children and air of brave patience were remarkable.

Unsatisfying emotion

When asked, "In the event of another war, would you join up as readily again?" he unhesitatingly replied, Yes—he would be glad as there would then be his pay for the wife and children, and the present uncertainty of being able to provide them with food and shelter told on him far more than the risk of a chance bullet on the battlefield.

Thinking of this load of misery throughout the land, it is not enough to let our feelings of pity evoked by Armistice Day evaporate in the luxury of intense emotion.

They must be translated into action.

Otherwise we remain, as a nation unworthy of these emotions and of the decent patriotism from which they spring.

All Smiles!

PASSING SHOW XMAS ANNUAL

OUT NOW. 12—PRICE 6d.

ECONOMY

A REALLY HIGH GRADE SUIT OR OVERCOAT TO MEASURE for £2

Famous Men dressed by Barry:
Jack Hobbs (The Renowned Cricketer).
Stephen Donoghue (The Renowned Jockey)

No matter if you have seen our patterns in past seasons — write to us again. Your enquiry is always welcome whether you order or not. The value we are giving this year eclipses anything ever before offered—even by ourselves. You may have lower prices offered you in Suitings and Overcoatings, but it is a sheer impossibility to secure greater or more sterling value for money than the Barry Service gives you. There are all the new st weaves and shades for your choice. We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay us if we fail to please you at every point.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS comprising Blue Naps, Grey Naps, Meltons, Cheviots, Tweeds, Vicunas, etc.

FREE Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Learn how to measure yourself in a few seconds with an accuracy rivalling that of the qualified tailor. We absolutely guarantee the result.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS OR CALL.
Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

An £8:8:0 Bond Street Dinner Jacket Suit £4:7:6
The Perfection of EVENING DRESS WEAR
Ask specially for these patterns, if required.

A LONDON SHRUNK, TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN. 100% ALL WOOL
BLUE SERGE SUIT
Made to Your Special Measures
for £3:3:0

THE ACME OF ELEGANCE
All Wool Black Vicuna COAT & VEST
and Striped Worsted TROUSERS
To measure for £3:10:0
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THE IDEAL COAT FOR AUTUMN & WINTER WEAR
The Famous BARRICO Tailor-made
TRENCH COAT
(The Absolutely Genuine Officer's 4-in-1 model)

Original Price 45/- Special Offer 30/- POST PAID

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if preferred.

GABARDINE OIL-SKIN OUTER LINING DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

IN NAVY BLUE OR FAWN

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, for there is no coat on the market more serviceable in our variable climate. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oilskin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or snow. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- for this wonderful Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

Cash refunded if not approved.

S. A. BARRY & Co LTD.
(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
(Near Bloorgate Tube and Underground)

HEALTH & PLEASURE

As a smoke, Manikins make a strong appeal to all on account of their splendid quality and low price.

If health is considered, Manikins must be best for two good reasons —No paper, Less Nicotine. And when it comes to enjoyment, Well! The Nutty Mild Havana Flavour of a Manikin is unequalled, and fortunately for you, their size enables them to be rolled from the tip leaves—Leaves too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest of all.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

5 FOR 10D

Keep a Cedar Box of 25 or 50 in Your Home

Oh, my back!

Keep the kidneys well and they will keep you well.

Sharp or continuous pains in the back, rheumatic pains in the joints and muscles, and disorders of the urine, call for prompt attention. They warn you that weak kidneys are leaving excess uric acid in the blood, and that rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago are threatening you. Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. This medicine strengthens weak kidneys, and relieves those aches and pains. When you get well, keep well—by taking an occasional course of Doan's to fortify the kidneys.

Free from Rheumatism, Backache and Dropsy.

On 3rd September, 1924, Mrs. A. L. Popple, 89, Burlington Road, Fulham, S.W.6, said:—"It must be twenty years ago since I was so ill with kidney trouble. It started with fearful pains in my back and loins, and rheumatic pains in my limbs. My legs and ankles became greatly swollen with dropsy, and the bladder was restricted. The kidney excretions contained a sediment, too.

"I soon began to improve when I used Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They gradually rid me of the dreadful pains and made me healthy."

On 1st September, 1926, Mrs. POPPLE said:—"Doan's Pills rid me of kidney complaints twenty-two years ago, and they still keep me well.

(Signed) A. L. POPPLE." (Over 75)

Do as Mrs. Popple did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 8/- per box.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

For Kidney and Bladder Ailments only.

Write for Free Copy of Doan's ever popular Dream Book, Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells St. London, W.1.

A RELIEF FUND MYSTERY

WHAT HAVE THE COMMUNISTS TO SAY?

Where are the Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars?

HUGE sums of money have been collected in this country and abroad during the last six months on behalf of the miners and their families.

Now comes the disturbing charge by Mr. Joseph Jones, general secretary of the Yorks Miners' Association, relating to money collected by sympathisers in the United States.

Mr. Jones makes the very grave statement that "hundreds of thousands of dollars have been collected by those who styled themselves 'Comrades,' yet only 1,000 dollars have been received at the headquarters of the Miners' Federation."

We have fully investigated Mr. Jones' charge and are now in a position to place the facts before the public.

Where are the dollars?

The story is both startling and mysterious. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are definitely alleged to have been collected by the Communist section of the American Labour movement. Only a tiny fraction, as Mr. Jones states, has been received by the Miners' Federation for distribution.

There has come into our possession a remarkable letter which throws a certain amount of light on the matter.

The particular collections to which we refer have been, and for all we know are still being, made by an organisation in America called the International Workers' Aid.

Recently the Central Trades and Labour Council of New York saw fit to criticise that body. This drew from their national secretary, Mr. Frederick G. Biedenkapp, the letter to which we have already referred:

"It is the opinion of the International Workers' Aid," he wrote, "that such action (meaning the criticism) comes with ill-grace from the Central Trades and Labour Council in view of the record in regard to the question of support of the British miners' strike.

"The International Workers' Aid is the American section of the Workers' International Relief, an international organisation, through which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent for the relief of the British miners."

Mr. Biedenkapp's confession

Mr. Biedenkapp then went on to quote, in justification of his efforts, a characteristic cablegram from Mr. A. J. Cook, expressing "hearty thanks" for the action which "united the workers in their opposition against the great capitalist offensive."

The first thousand dollars, we learn from the same authority, was forwarded some time about the end of May, and after Mr. Cook's cable "the International Workers' Aid doubled their efforts of raising funds for the British miners."

"Nearly four months after the strike began," said Mr. Biedenkapp, "the American Federation of Labour was finally induced through the delegation of the British miners to take active steps to raise funds for the miners' strike.

"In contrast the International Workers' Aid has carried on an extensive campaign from the very beginning, in an effort to aid the miners in their splendid struggle."

There is much more in the letter, mainly by way of retort to the criticisms of constitutional labour in America, but with this we are not immediately concerned.

Our main interest is in this fact. We have it on Mr. Biedenkapp's authority that a collection of funds by the International Workers' Aid has been continued with energy and enthusiasm throughout America during practically the whole period of the strike.

And we have it on as good an

Mr. A. Inkpin, General Secretary of the Communist Party

authority—namely, that of Mr. Joseph Jones, a member of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain—that only the miserable sum of 1,000 dollars has been received and duly distributed by that official body.

All jumbled up

If this is so, where have the hundreds of thousands of dollars gone?

Mr. Joseph Jones alleges that the money has been paid to Communist propagandists, instead of reaching the homes of the distressed miners for whom it was intended.

We saw the British Communist Party and were informed that it had nothing whatever to do with the handling of money collected abroad, that being the function of the Workers' International Relief, of 26, Bedford Row, London, W.C.

We called there hoping to receive a satisfactory explanation of the business. We were disappointed.

Information volunteered by an official disclosed an interesting state of affairs. The International Workers' Aid in America, he said, confirming Mr. Biedenkapp's letter, was a branch of the International Workers' Relief, and all money collected by the former body should, in the ordinary course, reach Bedford Row.

But it did not come direct. *It came via Berlin*, where, apparently, are situated the headquarters of the International Workers' Relief!

Pots of money

Large remittances had been sent throughout the course of the strike from Berlin, but the British comrades of this international and revolutionary charity were left in the dark as to where the various sums were collected. They might come from America, said the official, and they might not!

Now, it is certain that the money collected through the Russian workers does not come *via* the Spree. The Russian authorities responsible for these collections deal direct with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

How much money has been received from Berlin by the International Workers' Relief?

We were not given any definite figures, but gathered that the amount received in London was substantially less than even the "hundreds of thousands of dollars" mentioned by Mr. Biedenkapp.

The official, in fact, was reluctant to believe that Mr. Biedenkapp made such a statement, but he can take it from us that the letter is authentic.

It will be observed, in our quotations from Mr. Biendenkapp's letter, that the "hundreds of thousands of dollars" were, apparently, collected by the Workers' International Relief, and not specifically by the International Workers' Aid, the American section.

In other words, we are asked to believe that money was not subscribed solely from America, but from Europe as well.

Hand it over

But everything goes to show that, by far the greater part, at any rate, of the money came from the highly paid and generous American workers, rather than from the starved wage-slaves of the Continent.

Somewhere between collection and distribution there has gone astray the vast bulk of these "hundreds of thousands of dollars."

It is the duty of the British branch of the Workers' International Relief to obtain definite statements from Berlin and America. Meanwhile it would clear the air if it handed all further sums received for the miners direct to the Miners' Federation.

Until this is done it certainly appears that the Communists are sticking to money to which they have no right and using for propaganda ends funds subscribed for quite another purpose.

"The Greatest Racehorses I Have Ever Seen."

Read "Turf Secrets," by Charles Morton, the famous Trainer, in "The People" next Sunday.

SEND FOR THIS WONDER BOOK OF FREE GIFTS

32 pages of pictures
Showing prizes to be won by saving coupons from Bar One Cigarettes

NOT a *big* book. In fact, a very small one, that will go in your pocket . . . but so full of amazing value in *free* gifts that you will gasp with astonishment.

What's this! A splendid seven piece manicure set in handsome box for only 200 coupons. Cameras, British made and guaranteed by the Ensign Company, Railway timepieces, Brownie Crystal sets, Cake Baskets, Apostle Spoons, Mahogany case clocks, and dozen of other things —all for 200 coupons each.

These remarkable offers are being made in the Bar One Cigarette scheme—the scheme in which you win a prize in record time.

The Gift Book tells you all about it. There are 32 pages packed with pictures and bargain offers, and best of all there are five Coupons given FREE with every book.

Only one book for any one person, so send NOW for *your* copy.

Save the coupons from every 4d. packet, or save the empty 2d. packets (two of which count as one coupon) and in a very few weeks you'll have enough for a splendid prize.

CUT ME OUT

TO THE STANDARD TOBACCO CO. LTD., 89, TABERNACLE ST., LONDON, E.C.2

Send in unsealed envelope with halfpenny stamp.

Gentlemen,
Please send me the Free Bar One Gift Book.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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Bar One Cigarettes

10 for 4D. 5 for 2D.

THE STANDARD TOBACCO CO. LTD., 89, TABERNACLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

DANCING FEET That Never Say "Go Home!"

A foot bath in hot "Saltrates" water is all you need. It does not affect sound, healthy skin in the slightest degree, but acts only on the dead, hardened skin composing corns and callouses, which it softens just as water softens soap. Then pick the corn right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Merely cutting the top off with a razor or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous. Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates (for the preparation of "Saltrates" water) have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES
MORE THAN A BATH SALT

4 5&6

C.L. 120 Billiard

You buy a reliable pipe

If it's a City de Luxe

Trade enquiries to: 38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2. *Est.* 1860.

5/6

OPOSNUMBERS

STATE interference has always proved to be the "dead hand" on industry. Now the Government proposes to interfere with a basic industry, and the enemies of individual enterprise are rubbing their hands in glee

WHY RAMSAY LAUGHS

by LORD RATHCREEDAN

THE crowning act of Socialist legislation is due in the House of Commons this week. Once more a pseudo-Conservative Government is at the back of it.

The red flag that is now waving over the red tape buildings of Downing Street was never more justified than by the Electricity Bill which seeks to nationalise the power industry.

Our first piece of Socialist legislation was housing—a legacy from the Socialist Government of 1924. The second was the useless and demoralising subsidising of the coal industry—a fatal trespass of the State in industrial matters. The third is the Electricity Bill—another legacy from 1924.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, certain of Socialist principles triumphing over a witless Conservative Government, said in his last Cambridge speech on the Electricity Bill: "I laugh and laugh every time I see a Tory supporting it!"

Ignoring the danger signal

But even then our mirrors of Downing Street—those glossy people who reflect anyone's opinions who comes along—did not see the red light of warning.

Instead they continued to follow the red flag of Socialist legislation under the impression that it was the Union Jack of free government. A railwayman as colour-blind as that would be given the job of sweeping platforms.

But it is time that people who sweep the board—more or less—at a costly General Election should remember the promises they give.

The country made it very easy for them the last time. It only exacted one promise—in fact, it was only offered one. And it took it, since one was better than none.

The promise was to keep the country from the slippery slope of Socialism. In return for that promise the electors—*not* the Conservative Government, for there was no Conservative Government—the electors turned out the Socialist Government and *made* the Conservative Government.

And now the Conservative Government is trying to nationalise the basic industry of electrical power, and every citizen will have to pay more rates, more taxes, and higher prices.

Paying the piper

More rates will be paid because successful municipalities turning out cheap power for their citizens and factories will have to serve remote areas which it has not paid to serve hitherto. Remote areas cannot afford to buy dear power, so the cost will be spread out on everyone.

That is the old Socialist idea: Pool and share out.

More taxes will be paid because an initial loan of £33,500,000 (with others to follow) will be guaranteed by the State—an additional liability against the country, for all of whose liabilities its citizens are ultimately responsible.

Higher prices will be paid because administrative costs must be paid by the power industry, which will have to pass it on to consumers.

So the man in the street will be hit in the end, as usual.

I should imagine that the Conservative Government reads the newspapers occasionally, although its

Lord Rathcreedan, a former Assistant-Postmaster-General, Junior Lord of the Treasury and Additional Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions during the war

Foreign Office does not appear to have warned it about conditions elsewhere.

Warning examples

So they should know these facts: Russia has gone to the dogs; German's money system crashed, and she had to cut her losses; France came within an ace of doing the same thing this summer; Italy lives in a mixture of the Ku Klux Klan and martial law; Spain lives in a mixture of martial law and revolution; nobody dare guess what Portugal is going to do; Greece is exchanging one dictator for another; Poland did the same thing last May; Ireland is so hard up that she charges twopence for letter postage.

In short, we are the only European Power which possesses a Constitutional Government, and which is not up a financial gum-tree.

In spite of the chaos in every country which has tried risky Government experiments, why does Downing Street persist in planning Socialism and State interference? For the second is the short cut to the first.

Any form of private enterprise is impossible under Socialism. The only way of checking private enterprise is by State interference. State interference is thus the first necessity before Socialism can come about.

That is why Socialism is still impotent (outside Russia) after a century of existence. It has never yet succeeded in grabbing the State machinery which is necessary to socialise a country.

The Socialist Cabinet of 1924 was, of course, in a minority and had not yet found its feet when it was thrown out by the electors.

So that the great peril at the moment lies in the fact that the State machinery is in the hands of people who believe in nationalisation.

A tragic drama

Almost secretly, under cover of the great national drama of the coal crisis which has filled the country's stage for the past six months, the Government has been bringing up the "properties" and scenery for the next performance.

If that performance has a long run it will be a tragic performance. But if it fizzles out it will be a tragedy as well.

It must never be produced at all.

The Government proposes to take charge of the electrical industry—*without financial responsibility*—in order, it says, that power may be a penny a unit in 1940.

Yet to-day a quarter of the country's output is already available at less than a penny! And this is only 1926!

Consider how this "cheapening" process is to be accomplished.

Eight bureaucrats are to be appointed by the Minister of Transport to form the national controlling board. They will not be financially responsible to Parliament, nor to the Minister of Transport, or even to the industry they control.

But any losses incurred by their management must be borne by the undertakings they control.

The board will compel electrical undertakings to sell all their output at cost price to the board. Then the undertakings will be compelled to buy their supply back from the board at cost price, *plus administrative expenses.*

As a final example of its Gilbert-and-Sullivan rôle, the board will build power lines at the expense of a State loan of £33,500,000 (the poor taxpayer again!) which will compete with the local undertakings which the board itself will control!

Dangerous fooling

Electrical undertakings can expand now, because capital is cheap. But who will risk capital in a State-run scheme, where someone else runs your business for you? And when electric power is in difficulties, electric light will not be cheaper.

Every man, woman and child in the country will have to pay for this piece of Red legislation, which the Socialist Government drafted when in power two years ago, and which its tame followers, the present so-called Conservative Government, is about to present to the populace as its own legitimate darling child.

It is time this dangerous fooling with the country's well-being ceased.

Blind Childrens Ballot

IN AID OF THE

ELLEN TERRY NATIONAL HOMES FOR BLIND DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

£1000

for 1/-

AND OVER 90 OTHER MONEY PRIZES.

PRIZES.

1st	PRIZE	£1,000
2nd	„	£500
3rd	„	£100
4th	„	£50
20	PRIZES of	£10
20	„	£5
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The Prize Money has been deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

100 per cent. of the profits of this Ballot are being handed over to the ELLEN TERRY National Homes.

TICKETS

1/- each.

Book of **12 Tickets** to sell to your friends **10/-.**

This Ballot has been organised on behalf of the Ellen Terry National Homes for Blind Defective Children, and funds are urgently needed.

The greatest appeal to charity to-day is on behalf of the Blind, but when it comes to Blind Defective Children, the appeal becomes of far greater urgency.

The Ballot is a popular one and can be entered into by man, woman and child. By purchasing a ticket you may win a £1,000.

Send for a 1/- ticket NOW—

and so help this appeal in its splendid work.

The Manager,

BLIND CHILDREN'S BALLOT

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appetite

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Take a mid-morning cup of Glax-ovo, and another before retiring. Your nerves will be fed, your appetite come back, you will sleep better. And you'll say it's the best drink you know.

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2 cupfuls *free!*

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CLINICAL LABORATORIES (Dept.C26)
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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

WHO can describe what is meant by "the wreckage of war"? It is eight years since the Armistice, yet all around us still are to be seen the terrible results of the Great Tragedy. And seeing this, who amongst us will not raise his voice in the demand for peace?

A MESSAGE TO MARS

THE other day I went with a friend to a charity matinée at a London theatre. Just before the performance commenced, twenty or thirty men came in, wearing that distinctive blue uniform of wartime days.

Some of them were sightless and had to be led to their seats; others hobbled along on crutches, whilst two or three were carried in on stretchers. "Wounded soldiers," commented my friend; "I didn't realise . . ."

That's just it; he didn't realise. And there are thousands more who are in the same boat. How few there are who know that, scattered abroad amongst the hospitals of London, are hundreds of these men, many of whom are too ill to attend even a charity matinée. Of such an one I want to tell to-day.

A modern saint

In the incurable ward of a hospital I know so well there lies Colin Ashwin. He has been on his back so long that around his bedside he has gathered a few personal possessions to remind him of bygone days.

There is a photograph of a man in khaki, tall, well-built and the embodiment of physical fitness. Looking on that pathetic figure lying there, you would scarcely think that he was the original.

Yet, in spite of what he has suffered, he is still a child at heart, natural, sincere, brimful of life, and I have never come away from visiting him without feeling that I have been in the presence of one who is a saint in the best sense of that much-abused word.

This man was twenty-two when war broke out, and he went through four years of hell "without a scratch." He came back to civil life to greet a wife and child, for during one of his leaves he had married.

Two years after the Armistice came the first suspicion of trouble. He complained of stiffness in his joints and no treatment seemed to afford him any relief. Within the next six months Fate administered a series of blows of an irreparable severity.

The first was when he heard the dreaded verdict of the specialist. He insisted on knowing the worst and he was told that he was afflicted with a form of paralysis and that in all probability he would never walk again.

Four years of the trenches "without a scratch," but it was in those four years "midst the mud and blood of Flanders" that the seeds were sown of a malady worse than death!

Philip Inman

Not a month after his sentence to perpetual invalidism his little boy had an accident from which two days later he died. When the news was broken to this bedridden man he collapsed and for some hours his life was in danger.

A vicious stab

But he recovered, and weak and ill though he was, he insisted on going to the funeral. As long as my memory lasts, I shall picture the sight of Colin Ashwin hobbling along on two crutches to his child's last resting-place.

I would like to think that it was the shock of losing her baby boy which turned her head, and not a diabolical callousness which caused this man's own wife to strike him the third blow. For a fortnight she never came near him, and then one day a letter arrived bearing the Paris postmark.

When Ashwin read it he went deathly white, but that was the only sign he gave of yet another stab in his already bruised and broken heart.

From that day to this, although nearly six years have passed, he has never seen his wife and never once has he mentioned her by name.

Now what manner of man is this who has drunk so deeply of life's bitter cup? Of himself and his cruel fate, he never complains. Patiently he lies there, waiting for the inevitable summons that is to restore to him his child.

But he is not always placid and even-tempered. Let anyone mention the European war and his eyes will flash with anger and his frail body will work itself up into a paroxysm of rage.

"War," he cried one day, and the bitterness in his voice betrayed his feelings. "Look at me, a helpless, paralytic wreck, nothing but a drag upon the world—multiply me a million-fold—that is war."

Peace that will last

The other night, as I sat by his bedside, he opened his heart to me. "Sometimes," he said, "I dream that this is not the real me, but that I am strong and well. I find myself preaching about the madness of war, and as I tell of its hideousness my blood boils within me."

Then he went on, "But I come down to earth pretty quickly and get a nasty bump finding myself here—like this!" For a minute he was silent, and then into his voice came a new intensity.

"The Prime Minister talks about 'Peace in our time,'" he said; "we want more than that. Just think if, in twenty, thirty or forty years, boys like mine have to pass through what we endured. Our children and our children's children must be made secure against such horrors."

Throughout the entire ward his voice reverberated as he cried, "Not peace in our time, but peace for all time."

I would like that cry of Colin Ashwin, the self-styled "helpless, paralytic wreck," to reverberate through all the world.

The Sentence of the Court

A G. H. QUEUE MUDDLE

Slow Motion Ration

EQUALLY ludicrous and pathetic was the spectacle of a worried military gentleman—Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox—trying to salute, form fours, take three paces to the right, and provide an explanation, all at once, when charged with inflicting grievous bodily and mental harm upon subjects of His Majesty.

"By way of helping a Lane-Fox over a stile," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I will direct the clerk to enter a plea of 'Not guilty.'"

"In the public mind militarism and muddle are, I fear, becoming synonymous," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "As Secretary of the Mines Department, the accused was in charge of the arrangements for issuing coal permits, and the manner in which the job was handled was in keeping with the worst traditions of bureaucratic mismanagement.

"The Micawber-Baldwin Ministry, which, on the expiration of the coal subsidy, was unprepared with any alternative proposal, had been drifting along in the optimistic belief that the coal dispute would end before winter began.

"When this illusion was shattered the Government hastily evolved a scheme of coal rationing, and left the accused to make the best of a bad bungle.

"Owing to vague and carelessly worded instructions from the Mines Department, many local authorities did not know precisely when or how permits were to be issued. People waited for hours in queues, only to be told that no permits had been sent or else that the time for their distribution was not ripe.

"I don't know what may be the qualifications of the accused as a military leader, but his staff work in connection with coal rationing has surpassed the worst records of G.H.Q. ineptitude."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that his client was being blamed for the bungling of Bumbledom. The wild-goose paper-chase upon which citizens had embarked was due to municipal muddlers misconstruing official instructions.

* * *

"As a military man, the prisoner must know that when a manœuvre is badly executed it is not customary to blame the regimental cook," said Mr. Justice Bull.

"This rationing scheme was muddled from the moment of its inception. The Government apparently decided that the easiest method was simply to decree that every household should be allotted the same coal ration.

"Under this ill-conceived scheme, two childless couples sharing a house are entitled to twice as much fuel as one family consisting of twice as many persons.

"If war-time food-rationing had been conducted on a similarly insane basis, a dozen people in one house might have had to share a single loaf of bread.

"The gross unfairness of the regulations and the deplorable inefficiency associated with the issue of permits force me to the conclusion that the prisoner is unfit for a position of command.

"I must direct that he be reduced to the rank of a batman and undergo six weeks C.B.—which in this instance means 'continuous barracking.'"

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By

Harry Bryant Newbold, F.R.I.B.A.

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The work is lavishly illustrated, and great pains have been taken to make the illustrations comprehensive and instructive; there are full-page plates in colour, half-tones, and hundreds of line drawings in the text.

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In planning the work, care has been observed to develop in natural sequence from raw materials, the appliances and methods used in handling them to the completed job. The subjects are dealt with in detail from beginning to end.

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Words Winged to Women

THAT "New occasions teach new duties" ought to be as applicable to private individuals as it is to nations. It is doubtful if women have yet learned all the new duties that their growing independence and citizenship have to teach them

SILVER-HAIR SORROW

by MABEL HORNER

MANY letters come to me from women who are growing old. One such is from the far north, where the coal stoppage has hit almost every working-class family most savagely. It is a letter full of quiet bravery, penned through unshed tears.

"Once, and until not so long ago," this woman confides, "I was in a situation where I was both comfortable and able to put a little sum each year in the savings-bank. Then gradually my health broke down and I had to stay at home—that is, live with my old mother and a sister older than myself.

"I am turned fifty. I can still earn a little money with sewing, but neighbours now have not much work they can afford to put out. We are still managing to exist and we struggle to hide our poverty, but it is becoming very difficult.

"During more prosperous times I managed to keep my savings-bank book intact, but that has been exhausted long ago. My point is that *there is no "National Insurance" for such as us, yet we have always paid our way and been respectable members of the community.*"

Because that last sentence sums up life's most poignant tragedy for countless numbers of similarly sensitive, ageing, and helpless women, it makes a problem deserving our deepest attention. It is a growing problem, and one that a few decades ago hardly existed.

A puzzling problem

Women, by custom, were regarded as naturally economically dependent—that is to say, they were expected to rely upon the good-will of others for the material necessities of their existence, rather than upon their own property or their own labour.

Most married women are so still, and will be until they are legally entitled to a certain proportion of the family income for their own use in return for the very skilled labour they should put into rearing a family and managing a household.

Yet the women happily married are not faced with the problem of old age and infirmity as are the single ones. With their families around them they can look for some return and care through the closeness of personal ties. Moreover, the law has recognised that the matter cannot be left to chance and has been stiffened up with regard to wife and child maintenance.

But neither social tradition nor legal enactments is any real substitute for businesslike arrangements that will place women on a secure economic foundation for old age

What is needed

The sexes in this country are disproportionate. We also have an increasing number of women who do not build their hopes on marriage, and who work to secure their own economic independence. Practically every door of commerce is open to such women. They become fully enfranchised citizens, but, when old age or infirmity overtakes them, what then?

I think the reputable insurance companies could do a great deal to help such women, and all women, if they thought out a really sound and helpful scheme.

Most women, even the writer of the pathetic letter quoted, have their little insurance policies, paid up with weekly pence scraped together, *and payable at death.* But why not reverse the whole process of such saving and have assurance policies payable for life?

I think it might become a custom in this country to take out a policy whenever a girl child was born (or a boy for the matter of that) and have the benefit coming back into the life of the insured at the age of fifty in the form of a little pension.

Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B., an ardent advocate of a national system of "all-in" insurance

I know there are such policies, but hardly in the simplified form that would appeal to the great class of whom I write. They are not educated to the purchase of annuities as they exist, nor have they the means.

Removing a terror

They know all about industrial insurance They are for ever paying in their pence for death, death, death.

But it is life they need, and the education that will make them see the necessity for beginning early this most blessed form of self-help, the ensuring of a comfortable little income that shall enable them to face with equanimity the shadows of the eventide of life.

Is it too much to hope that the Government might see a way to help?

Flotsam of the Arches

by LADY LOVAT

THE homeless women of London are numerous and can be divided very roughly into three categories:

The woman who through disaster, death of the bread-winner, sickness, unemployment, etc., finds herself compelled to sell up her home and to search for employment;

The woman who through ignorance, fear, hunger, inadequate housing, sometimes to keep another alive, becomes what is called in statistics a "prostitute";

The woman who from long habit grows inured to wandering and eventually becomes a London gipsy.

Between these women and a night in the open there is the following accommodation:

For those who can pay nothing, three Catholic hostels, where none is turned away should any space be available; two Salvation Army shelters, clean, kind and impersonal; the *Christian Herald* Mission, human and very kind, and finally one casual ward (in Southwark).

FOR those who would prefer to, and can, pay something for a night's lodging, there is little if any accommodation between the Church Army home, where a bed costs 10d., and the nameless horror of the public lodging-houses, where a so-called bed can be obtained for between 2d. and 4d.

These doss-houses are licensed by the London County Council, no doubt an admirable public body, but not given to excessive consideration for the spiritual and physical necessities of women.

Of the total sleeping accommodation licensed by the London County Council only 9.42 per cent. is available for women.

A SHORT time ago a remarkable book, "In Darkest London," was written by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. In it she describes the fate and the need of the homeless woman in London.

She had experienced, from choice, what these were, and a committee is finding the necessary sum to build a woman's hostel.

It is to be a lodging-house in a central position, where none, as long as there is room, will be turned away—where warmth, hot baths, food and beds can be purchased at a very low sum; where questions will never be asked, but only answered; where the nameless objects in which so many aching and bleeding feet tramp London can be exchanged for boots; where those in need of work can be helped to get it, and where those in despair can be given a gleam of hope.

I am no reformer. I know neither the facts nor the fallacies necessary for such work, but I know, and every woman and every man shares this knowledge, that rich or poor, moral or immoral, provident or improvident, an exhausted woman needs a hot bath and a warm bed, and a cold, wet and hungry woman needs somewhere to dry herself and something hot to drink and eat.

A woman who roams the streets looking for a night's lodging is condemned as a street-walker. And if she is, are we, her sisters, who provide her with no alternative, except in many cases a night under the Adelphi arches or on the Embankment benches, blameless?

The only possible evasion to this question is, "That is not our affair; the Government, the London County Council, the Ministry of Health, some public body in fact, should see to it?"

SO far none has, and if it did the terribly grim, impersonal atmosphere inseparable from State-run institutions would stultify the whole scheme. There should be the equivalent of Rowton houses for women all over London, clean, warm and kindly, run by small committees of generous hearted women.

We appeal to the generous public to help us to establish the first of these houses. Once this is done, others will inevitably follow, and some step will have been taken towards alleviating the sufferings spiritual—mental and physical—of innumerable women in London.

The RE-ACTION from EXCITED NERVES

EVERY minute seems like an hour when you cannot sleep at nights. Your nerves are all on edge. Your thoughts race through your brain. Morning finds you weary and unrefreshed.

Strained and excited nerves are one of the principal causes of sleeplessness. After a day of work and worry or an evening of excitement your nerves need rebuilding and restoring.

Only from nourishment can that restorative material be obtained and only from "Ovaltine" can it be obtained in sufficient quantities for building up brain, nerve and body.

"Ovaltine" ensures sleep by soothing and restoring the worn nerves. This delicious and easily digested food beverage contains no drugs or narcotics of any kind but supplies an abundance of the food elements which alone can rebuild and restore the nerves. It is so easily digested that these nutritive elements pass at once into the nervous system—soothing, healing, restoring.

"Ovaltine" contains the nutritive elements extracted from Nature's Tonic Foods—malt, milk and eggs. These are highly concentrated and correctly balanced. It also contains all the vitamins in proper proportions.

Try this *natural* means of obtaining sound, restful sleep.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold in tins at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

The larger tins are more economical to purchase.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS.

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Prices 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

P. 393.

Success should elevate the heart - not the nose!

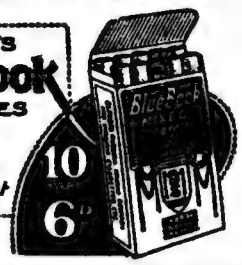
TRITE BUT TRUE—and in the same way the perfect Cigarette should please the Nose and Palate—without affecting the Heart. This is the reason of the success of Morris's BLENDS Cigarettes—a perfect combination of Flavour with Purity.

MORRIS'S "BLENDS" CIGARETTES

To meet different tastes there are five different "Blends"—each distinctive in flavour and aroma.

Made by a firm with 135 years' reputation for quality. B. MORRIS & SONS, Ltd.

MORRIS'S Blue Book CIGARETTES GIVE YOU *Five Flavours in one Packet*



Of all Tobacconists

HAVANA With the fine flavour of a choice Havana Cigar.

TURKISH Fragrant Dubec Tobaccos.

EGYPTIAN Light smoking and aromatic.

RUSSIAN For sensitive throats.

VIRGINIA Choice Carolina Tobaccos.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

IN PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

Ingersoll

BUILT TO KEEP GOOD TIME.

If you want reliable guaranteed time-keeping service from a watch or clock—BUY AN INGERSOLL. This will ensure that your purchase will give satisfactory service for years to come. Moreover, the name INGERSOLL on the dial, backed by the Ingersoll Guarantee issued with each genuine Ingersoll time-piece, is a definite assurance of value.

INGERSOLL YANKEE RADIOLITE .. 15/-
PLAIN DIAL .. 10/6

Look for the name Ingersoll on the dial. Any dealer who tries to persuade you to take something else has an ulterior motive for doing so.

INGERSOLL WATCHES ... 8/6 to 110/-
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Sold only by Ingersoll Accredited Agents throughout the Country.

Ingersoll Watch Co Ltd., Ingersoll House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ZONOPHONE RECORDS

Supreme Value in Magnificent Electrical Recordings—Try them!

2/6 - - 3/6 - - 4/-

LISTS FROM ALL UP-TO-DATE DEALERS.

FROM WEAVER TO WEARER

Try on free in your own home a beautiful All-Wool Winter Coat, Fur-trimmed or untrimmed, in the very latest style, direct from the world-famous Yorkshire looms! If you like its quality and real goodness, begin wearing it at once and pay by easy instalments. Absolute. ly no obligation to buy. Write now and get the pick of the bargains; from 6/- monthly.

FURS & FUR COATS

Specially selected, beautifully dressed skins finished the most fashionable style. Have your favourite skin now. From 5/-monthly.

Write for free Fashion Guide.

YEWDALL'S

DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE

18F, Cross Francis St., LEEDS

6/- MONTHLY

Don't say

"A packet of cigarette papers"

It's too long.

Say "A.G."

Then you're *quite sure* of getting the best.

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The *BEST* the world produces.

THE 1927 YEWDONIA

BIGGEST BARGAIN ON THE MARKET. *DON'T MISS THIS!*

The Latest Pressed Gramophone with th 0100 Tone

FROM 5/- MONTHLY

5/- or 5/- monthly is all you pay while enjoying the magnificent YEWDONIA. The wonderful new inventions make it the best value and best toned machine on the market. For dance music it is perfect. Superb motor and beautiful cabinet work. *All models sent on approval.* Write for Free catalogue of direct from Factory bargains. Why delay? Say 5s. down and enjoy delightful evenings NOW

YEWDALL'S

18G. Cross Francis St., LEEDS.

FOR 40 YEARS

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY

FOR

Co'ds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.

KOMPO FOR COLDS

KOMPO REGD.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in Bottles, 1/3 and 3/-.

J. F. WHITE & CO., Chemists, Leeds.

Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

A Girl's Last Journey

The Tragic Triangle—Does Honesty Pay?—A Sister's Secret

"AT the outbreak of war my brother happened to be in an enemy country and he was at once made a civilian prisoner. With another Englishman who had been his companion on holiday he was interned within a certain radius of the house where they were staying as visitors.

"After several weary years they determined to make a bid for freedom and managed to get as far as the frontier. My brother was accompanied by a girl of the country with whom he had become friendly during his sojourn with the enemy.

"In order to clude more easily the guards of the frontier, however, they separated and the first I heard of my brother's adventure was when his male companion visited us and told us the story up to the point of the separation.

"It was not until long afterwards, when I had almost given up hope of ever seeing my brother alive again, that he arrived home and told us a great deal of his adventures; he never, however, mentioned the girl who had accompanied him as far as the frontier.

"After a time he married and settled down in a town some miles away and he is now happy with his wife and one child.

"In the course of my social work I was recently called to the bedside of a young woman in the local infirmary. She was worn almost to a shadow by the ravages of consumption and I understand from the doctors that she cannot live through the winter.

"As soon as she spoke I realised that she was of foreign extraction. You can imagine my distress when in conversation she told me things about herself which left no doubt that she was the girl who had accompanied my brother.

"She had the address of my mother when the latter arrived near here a few years ago and had written there, but had been unable to obtain any reply as my mother had left the district.

"SHE had then managed to come to this country with the idea of searching for my brother, but had been unable to trace him further than my mother's old address.

"Her one idea seems to be to try to find him before she dies and she seems so confident that he is waiting for her somewhere that I really have not had the heart to tell her that he is married.

"I do not want to cause trouble between my brother and his wife. What ought I to do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Let your brother know privately of your discovery. Unless he deserted the girl in circumstances which would reflect discredit upon him, the disclosure need not cause trouble between him and his wife, but in any case he will surely wish to do everything in his power to make the girl comfortable at the end of her life's journey.*

* * *

"A FRIEND of mine in the late thirties married a girl just out of her 'teens. They were quite happy until he introduced a young bachelor acquaintance to his home.

Tale Best Untold

"My friend was almost entirely absorbed in his business and allowed his young friend to escort his wife to dances, tennis parties and similar gatherings.

"He trusted his wife implicitly, but after a while he found letters written to her which led him to fear that she had been unfaithful. There was a scene, and, though they continued to live together, it was in unharmonious circumstances.

"The young man was shortly afterwards sent abroad by his firm, but he continued to correspond with the wife through an arranged address.

"She made my wife her confidant and showed her her lover's letters. On one occasion she left several of these letters in my wife's hands.

"I was on the point of giving these letters to her husband when I learned that the third party in the triangle had formed another attachment, in consequence of which the wife had broken off association with him.

"So far as I can judge from what my wife tells me, the husband's confidence has been restored and the wife feels ashamed of her temporary infatuation.

"All the time these wretched letters remain in my possession and I cannot decide whether I should keep them in case the husband might find them useful later or whether to destroy them."

"HUMANIST" says: *If the husband and wife are reconciled, the greatest good has been accomplished and nothing but harm could result from the production of incriminating correspondence. Burn the letters and blot all your knowledge of the wife's guilt out of your memory.*

* * *

"IT is said that honesty is the best policy, but I cannot help wondering whether a man would not do better to take whatever comes his way.

Honesty the Best Policy

"I have a pal who is down and out. He has a wife who has continually got him into debt and who left him owing money to tradespeople.

"One of the creditors turned on him when he was left in the lurch and took him to court. As he had no means to pay the debt, being half crippled and long out of work through the strike, he was sent to prison for two months.

"While he was in prison his sister found a purse containing forty £1 Treasury notes. If she had kept the money, she would have been able to pay her brother's debts, get him out of prison and have had a little over to set him on his feet again.

"What she did was to take the purse back to the owner whose address she found inside and was rewarded with thanks and the cost of her tram fare."

"HUMANIST" says: *Honesty is always the best policy. There is no connection whatever between your friend's misfortune and his sister's finding of a purse containing £40. While the owner was extremely mean to reward her honesty with nothing but verbal thanks, if she had not returned the purse, she might have been sent to prison on a charge of stealing by finding.*

Looking for Your Love

LIFE is a painful pilgrimage for many poor souls who are friendless and destitute. You can cheer them on their way and comfort them in their loneliness and poverty by sending a donation to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See p. 42.)

"MY mother died twenty-four years ago leaving four girls, of whom I am one. We are all grown up and married now and we cherish beautiful memories of our mother.

A Memory of Mother

I also remember that my father did not seem to work—in fact, he was a drunkard.

"The terrible part of my story is that my father came to see me a few weeks ago. He was not quite sober, and he told me that there is one amongst us four girls of whom he is not the father.

"This was a terrible blow to me. I can scarcely believe that my mother was anything but the good woman I remember. My father will not tell me which of us should not bear his name, but says that my mother sinned and he forgave her.

"I believe that I am the only one to whom my father has spoken in this way about my mother and I wonder whether I shall tell my sisters or keep it a secret.

"I have asked him to tell me more about it when he has been sober, but he just says he is sorry he ever spoke."

"HUMANIST" says: *Drunken men often say things for which there is not the slightest foundation and, even if what your father told you were true, it need make no difference to you or your sisters. Your father appears to have accepted the responsibility of your parentage and as you are all happily married you should keep your eyes on the future rather than the past.*

* * *

Selfish Sons

"I am one of three grown-up sons. For years I have made it my duty to look after our poor old widowed mother, but now I am in distress myself and unable to support her entirely. When I asked my brothers, who are better off, to help with a few shillings each weekly, they refused and suggested the workhouse."

"Humanist" says: *If your brothers imagine they will save themselves money by driving your mother into the workhouse, they will get a nasty eye-opener, for the moment she becomes chargeable to the rates the guardians will raid their pockets. Tell them so and then perhaps they will do what they should have done more gracefully in the first place.*

A Painful Duty

"I have been summoned as a witness in a divorce case. I do not think any evidence I can give will make much difference one way or the other, but I am afraid that being mixed up with such a matter may do me social injury."

"Humanist" says: *You are not likely to be called unless your evidence is considered material. It is a social duty, albeit a painful one, to assist the court in dispensing justice by telling all that one knows of any matter, and no one whose friendship is worth having is likely to ostracise you for telling the truth.*

Barred Banns

"I am a widow and I have for some time been courted by a young man of whom I have become exceedingly fond. I find, however, that he is my late husband's brother's son. The name being a common one, I did not suspect any sort of relationship. Can I marry him?"

"Humanist" says: *It may seem strange to many people that while a woman may marry her dead husband's brother she may not marry the latter's son, but such is the law in this country, and I am afraid there is nothing for you to do but to abandon all thoughts of the marriage.*

YOUR FALSE TEETH CLEANED FOR YOU EVERY MORNING!

NATURAL teeth won't take out for cleaning, so you have to do the best you can with a toothbrush. False teeth, you can take out and get cleaned for you—that's where you score. No waste of time, no trouble whatever, you just let Milton do its work. When it is done, you know definitely that your plate is *medically clean*. This is what you do when you get up in the morning. Slip the plate into a glass containing equal parts of Milton and tepid water—just enough of the solution to cover it. Ten or fifteen minutes later, take it out, rinse it under the cold tap and dry it. The plate will be spotless! Film, grease and food particles will have disappeared: the teeth will be glistening white, and the gold parts glittering. Every day, a clean healthy mouth and clean fresh breath. All you need is a bottle of Milton from the nearest chemist. It's 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

* * *

If you prefer to take out your plate at night, use the Overnight Method. To the glass of water in which you leave your plate, add half-a-teaspoonful of Milton. When you rinse the plate in the morning, you'll be equally pleased with the way it has been cleaned.

MILTON
TESTED JB
CLEANS THEM WHILE YOU DRESS

MILTON ANTISEPTIC OINTMENT

A Very Remarkable Ointment, rich in the antiseptic and healing properties of Milton, is now obtainable from all chemists. In terra-cotta pots, price 3/-. The following is taken from a recent letter,—"I can thoroughly recommend it for the immediate relief of bites and stings, its cleaning and healing properties for cuts and rash, chapped hands, etc. I have also used it after shaving. I cannot speak too highly of this Ointment and can always recommend Milton fluid for teeth." There are many other skin complaints that are speedily relieved by Milton Ointment. Let us send you further particulars.

MILTON PROPRIETARY LTD., JOHN MILTON HOUSE, LONDON, E.C. 1

When the Warmth "works in"
— Pain goes!

Applying "Vaseline" Capsicum Jelly to the affected part sets up a comforting glow of warmth which gives relief from pain and in cases of chest colds tends to break up congestion.

1/- & 1/9 *per tube*

TESTED JB

Important Statement

The following is an Excerpt from a Statutory Declaration:

"The only wines used in the manufacture of Wincarnis are PORTS, "MISTELLAS, and other IMPORTED RED WINES. All "such wines are GUARANTEED "BY THEIR RESPECTIVE "SHIPPERS to be made from the "CHOICEST GRAPES grown in the "respective districts of manufacture, "and further to be PURE GRAPE "WINES of EXCELLENT "CHARACTER which contain no "anti-ferment or other deleterious "matter."

17,000 Doctors have recommended Wincarnis

At no time in history was strength and vigour, both physical and mental, more necessary, more sought for or more valued, than it is to-day; and it is a natural consequence that Wincarnis, which for nearly fifty years has been recognised as an agent of health, should enjoy a higher reputation to-day than at any time since its inception.

Read what an eminent physician wrote as recently as 13th August, 1926:

"I usually prescribe Wincarnis "for my adult patients when-"ever a tonic is indicated, and "in most cases it has met with "prompt success. Its constitu-"ents make it the most efficient "strength-reviving agent I have "met in a long course of medical "practice. From my knowledge "of the method of preparing "Wincarnis, there is no possible "doubt as to its value in most "of life's everyday illnesses."

Signed—M B., B.Ch.

WINCARNIS
The GOOD Tonic Wine

Large Size 5/- *Medium Size 3/-*

TESTED JB

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

W.14 BCM/ALLEN

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

As soon as girls begin to enter their teens they too often prove a worry to their parents. Perhaps their strength is sapped by too rapid growth and study, and their system is unable to meet the demands made upon it. They turn peevish and irritable, become pale and sickly, and always seem to be ailing.

A wise mother recognises these signs of anæmia, and realises that poor and thin blood is the cause of her daughter's weakness and languor. The girl must have new, healthy blood, and, as so many mothers know from their own experience, the one thing that will supply that need is Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills quickly create new, rich blood, which nourishes every part of the system. Under their influence pale, anæmic girls regain their colour and charm; their eyes have the sparkle of health; they are no longer breathless and thin, but hearty and full of life and vigour.

So if your daughter is anæmic, give her Dr. Williams' pink pills, and notice the quick improvement in her health. All chemists sell them, 3s. 0d. box; ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills—nothing else will do.

FREE.—No girl in the country should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

1/6 WEEKLY
OVERCOATS SUITS etc. etc

FREE PATTERNS

SPECIAL OFFER on LOWEST EASY PAYMENT TERMS of the famous Selby Overcoats, Suits, etc. Selby means satisfaction. Each garment is CUT AND TAILORED BY LEADING LONDON EXPERTS, and WE GUARANTEE PERFECT FITTING. Only the best quality materials are used and the latest London styles embodied. COMPLETE APPROVAL BEFORE PURCHASE. Write for FREE Book of 1927 Fashions and Book of Patterns

The SELBY MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Dept. 518, 11a, Finsbury St., London, E.C.2

Selby

Ask for RIZLA to-day!

If you're not one of the millions of cigarette smokers who roll their own with "RIZLA"—try a packet to-day. Prove for yourself that "RIZLA" papers never burst, never come unstuck and are absolutely tasteless—in short that they are the best papers obtainable.

RIZLA

THE PEDIGREE PAPER WITH THE WORLD'S LARGEST SALE.

Of all good Tobacconists—

60 LEAVES 1d.

FIRST MAKE YOUR OWN SMOKE. THEN SMOKE YOUR OWN MAKE—WITH "RIZLA"

Mr. RIZLA

Our Letter Parliament

The Haunting Memory

Callous Cruelty—Lifting the Burden—A Costly Item

THE article by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, entitled "Gate of Remembrance," in JOHN BULL of October 30, is emphatically the truth. At the same time, there are millions of men suffering equally as much in peaceful England as they did in the trenches. The ordinary working-man is far too absorbed in trying to procure the means to feed his wife and children to think about either the last war or the next war.—*Disillusioned, Seaham.*

The Child's Heroes

All too soon we are forgetting the horrors of the late war, and talking glibly of "the next." Ask any child of school age to name three great men in history, and it will name three great fighters. The remedy, therefore, rests in our schools. Let our children be taught the full meaning of war, its horrors and its heartbreak, and we shall have set their feet on the path to Utopia.—*Jean Hall, Wigan.*

Tell the Truth!

The article by E. Roffe Thompson goes to the heart of the matter. I am a disabled ex-Service man, and, since the war, have been told by many people of the difficulty they have of obtaining information from the men who came back. They want to forget! I maintain that ex-Service men should tell their actual experiences of all the horror, beastliness and futility of war.—*F. C. Pullen, Birmingham.*

What War Is

The women who mourn for the men who sleep in Flanders fields have no illusions regarding the glory of war. They know that war was not merely flag-wagging, but filth, agony, brutality and death. A new generation is arising which does not realise these things. Let us teach it that the Cenotaph and the village memorials are not merely the emblems of a nation's glory alone, but also of women's tears and men's agony.—*A War Widow, Sunderland.*

Our Limbless Heroes

On Thursday, our first thoughts will, naturally, be for those who did not return, but our next thought might well be for that 42,000 who did return minus limbs. I say, without hesitation, that they are amongst the finest fellows it has ever been my lot to meet. How some of them stick their present lot I do not know. I only want to know the names of employers who will offer suitable jobs and we will do the rest. One can easily read between the lines that many of yesteryear's heroes are losing heart, and that merely indicates the end.—*T. H. Hague (Major), National Union Limbless Ex-Service Men, 64, Victoria Street, S.W.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Better than Crosses

The noblest war memorial I have seen consists of a row of cottages presented to disabled ex-Service men and their families by the inhabitants of a London suburb. But much—too much—remains to be done, and Armistice Day comes as a solemn reminder of this duty, and not as an opportunity for "mafficking."—*Patriot, Leicester.*

The Ever-Open Gate

On Armistice Day millions will pass through the Gate of Remembrance into what should be a field of wider vision. May the homage, love and brotherliness of the "two minutes" permeate the heart of everyone, and in memory of those gone before, hold out the hand to help the blind, maimed, hopeless and unemployed. May the Gate of Remembrance ever remain open.—*H. Hepworth, Bradford.*

A Sad Reminder

We have heard a lot about the miners' wives. How about totally disabled men's wives with pensions of 12s. and 15s. per week? We have more rent to pay than the miners, and 4s. 3d. for a hundredweight of coal. I don't want to be reminded on November 11 of the glorious dead. If they could see the condition of some of our glorious living their first words would be, "We are happier than they."—*M. P., Hornsey.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY CHRONICLE": — "Oranges, OLIVE OIL, IRON ONE, bananas, and various other FRUITS pay no British duty."

"DAILY MAIL":—"I was STANDING in the centre of the market when I heard two revolver shots, and on rushing out of AN OFFICE I saw a man running and holding a revolver in his hand."

"EVENING DISPATCH" (Edinburgh):—"Two members of the crew of FIFTEEN got ashore on a raft and the remaining FOURTEEN were rescued in an exhausted condition."

"MOTOR CYCLING":—"On the Farningham Road quite recently FOUR machines, TWO motor-cycles, two combinations, a SOLO MACHINE and a MOTOR COACH collided."

Helping the Sufferer

May a woman be permitted to say a few words in appreciation of Mr. Philip Inman's contributions? It is not given to many people to lighten the sufferers' burdens as he does. Surely Mr. Inman is himself the sunshine in "Sunshine Ward."—*A Widow, York.*

Poor Pit Ponies

Animal protection societies should see that colliery managers should provide shelter for their pit ponies during wintry weather. It is distressing to see the poor animals with arched backs and in verminous condition crouching under every bit of cover the rough mountain and moorland affords.—*J. H., Glam.*

The Postman's Plight

I am an auxiliary postman getting the massive wage of 19s. 11d., and that with a Service pension of 14s. is all I have to keep a wife and one child. After paying 7s. 6d. rent and 2s. 3d. insurance there's not much left for food and other necessaries of life. I served twenty-three years in the Army, and now have to work for 19s. 11d. per week.—*Badly Paid, but Honest, Eltham.*

A Canadian Lead

The average child leaves school at the age of fourteen in England, but in Canada at that age they enter high schools, which are free. A four years' course gains for them matriculation and then they can proceed to University if they so desire. Hundreds of boys are able to be trained as doctors, lawyers and ministers by working during the summer, earning enough to see them through 'Varsity the next year.—*F. Cooper, Toronto.*

The Elusive 10s.

Whether done by municipalities or by the collieries direct—using pooled trucks and distributing from local depots—that mysterious 10s. per ton, which Dr. Addison finds added to cost, transport, distribution and reasonable profit, should be cut out. If some colliery would start its own distributing organisation we might see the coal merchant not, perhaps, so contented, but still doing as well as he should.—*J. J. A., Birmingham.*

Live Churches

The attendance at a recent Neath service is a direct challenge to those who hold that the Church is no longer a living power. Half an hour before the service was to begin a long queue had formed outside the Forward Movement Hall, and before the service commenced many were turned away. Were this a solitary incident people might be justified in criticising the power of the churches, but this is not so, for it is almost a weekly occurrence.—*F. Jones, Cardiff.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

One unbroken vow was spoken,
One we yet fulfil;
All our sleeping fallen keeping
Unforgotten still!

Poor old dearie! May we query
Why she thus behaves?
Is she stopping by her mopping
Those on-coming waves?

We wonder why this "honest" cry
Is heard from week to week?
Are Premiers not an honest lot
That Baldwin's so unique?

It is no joke, when dole is broke
And cash one [illegible] getting,
To try to reap "a [illegible] reap"
And find there is no betting.

Build up your Nerves

WHEN you note the first signs of failing nerves take Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

The symptoms may seem insignificant—a tendency to irritability, wakefulnes at night, a sense of dullness in the morning, loss of appetite, or weak digestion.

These trivialities may be the forerunners of serious nerve trouble—even breakdown.

When nervous symptoms make their appearance take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the remedy which contains the exact elements to tone and thoroughly restore the system.

Miss Lil Marjerie, the well-known revue artiste, of 66, Cross Flatts Terrace, Far Bewston, Leeds, writes: "For months my nerves were in a terrible condition. I suffered from continual lassitude and depression, and I got thoroughly run-down, but after a few doses of Dr. Cassell's Tablets I felt much better, and now I am quite well."

Take two at bedtime and feel fit in the morning.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/- per box of all chemists & stores.

YOU CHOOSE GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS

I guarantee to please you because I supply QUALITY instruments only, guaranteed for 5 Years. Any Horn, Hornless, Table Grand, Portable, or the famous "ROBEYPHONE" sent on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Thousands of testimonials. Money refunded if dissatisfied. WRITE FOR MY FREE LISTS AND CHOOSE A QUALITY INSTRUMENT AND AS MANY RECORDS AS YOU LIKE.

GETS DELIVERY NOW

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. THE MODEL PIONEER HP 3 COVENTRY.

Straightforward offer to readers of "John Bull."

A FREE Supply of this remarkable REMEDY -for 15 days only

TO Readers of "John Bull" we offer, absolutely free of all charge, two days' supply of the remarkable quick - and - sure remedy, "Napoleon" Cough-Cure Powders—*if application is made within 15 days.*

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS

"Napoleon" Cough-Cure Powders relieve immediately the longest-standing cough, cold or chest trouble. The very first cough-cure *powders* to be offered, they are still by far the cheapest. Thousands have testified to their efficiency.

Mr. W. Cowell, of 8, Haroldstone Road, Walthamstow, who is 71 years of age, and had suffered from a cough for 12 years, writes: "After taking your six sample powders I was greatly relieved; then I bought a small packet of 15 powders, and I can honestly say my cough has quite gone and I feel a different man."

The 10-year-old son of Mrs. W. Todd, of The Bewery Cottage, Elmer App, had a very bad cough after bronchial catarrh. Mrs. Todd writes: "After trying various cough cures with little or no effect, I received the sample of 'Napoleon' Cough Cure Powders, and the first one gave him relief. After taking five powders his cough is quite gone, and he is at school again."

This special offer enables you to CURE yourself or your children in the same way, at our expense. But remember, the offer is open for only 15 days. Send the coupon AT ONCE, before you forget.

"NAPOLEON" Cough Cure Powders

Of all Chemists, **1/6** per box of 15 doses, **3/9** per box of 45 doses

Post this coupon and cure your Cough.

To H. R. NAPP Ltd 3 & 4 CLEMENTS INN, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

Please send me, free, and without obligation, two days' supply of your remarkable "Napoleon" Cough Cure Powders

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS) BCH/NAPOLEON

Use ½d stamp only, leaving envelope tucked in and not sealed

My chemist is .....

and his address is .....

(F10) .....

Cut along the dotted line

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DERBY CUP
Second Pool closes Nov. 17
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You cannot do better than with the "Tote"
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Asking for the Tote!

Hara-Kiri Methods at Windsor—Punters Have the Greatest Grievance—Why Not Fifty-Fifty?—Will Delius Atone?—Myra Gray

I HAVE not had a wager since the introduction of the tax, so the high-handed action of the big ring bookmakers at Windsor did not affect my pocket one way or the other, but I hope, for their sakes, that they will avoid such suicidal impulses in the future.

The Thin End of the Wedge

I am not alone when I say that I think the tax as applied is merely the thin end of the wedge for introducing the totalisator. If it does not bring in the necessary revenue—it will not do this, but a large sum is assured unless it is evaded, as punters will punt until the year dot—the powers-that-be are pretty certain to trot out the Pari-Mutuel and already they have a ready answer for any moaning from the course layers.

Punters Have the Real Grievance

Nobody likes the tax, but the real grievance should lie with the punters, for, in one of two ways, they have been asked by their commission-agents to accept the whole burden. The stay-at-home bookmakers argue that they do not make 3½ per cent. profit on their turnover. In view of their very heavy overhead expenses this is no doubt correct, but, however you look at the situation, backers, as a body, must lose a fortune annually or the layers could not pay their way and show a penny piece on the right side of the ledger. Whether on the course or at home, the pencillers should make the best of a bad job and come to a fifty-fifty arrangement with their clients.

Will Delius Atone?

And now for a little bit of racing. The big event of the week is the Liverpool Autumn Cup. The entry of forty-one has dwindled to nineteen and I expect Delius, if he faces the starter, will be at much shorter odds than he was on Cambridgeshire day. According to the tall stories he is Cross Bow, Sparus, Foliation and a few others of the Manton string rolled into one, but so far he has yet to prove it on a racecourse.

Follow the Black and White

I have lost tally of Lord Derby's Liverpool Cups, but I know that they are in the neighbourhood of twenty, and I shall not be surprised if his sideboard is encumbered with another one. Two of his three entries—Highbrow, and Tara Prince—are still in, and I should risk a little each way on Highbrow, if the selected, and provided he does not pick up a penalty at Newbury. Most punters know that it is an axiom to follow the black and white at Liverpool. If this miserable weather continues it can be followed in a double sense.

Naysan is Useful

It cost 820 guineas to retain Naysan for Mr. James White, after she had won the Juvenile Selling Plate at Alexandra Park, and the filly is well worth it. Most of the layers in Tatt.'s were "full up" before the start of the race, and backers were refused all along the line. I saw one penciller on the rails pay out a client, who stated that it was all right and he wanted a drink, directly after the horses came round the bend. Naysan scored pulling up by six lengths.

A Hint Worth Noting

My code selections on the second day at Birmingham were French Kiss—won 4 to 1—and Templestowe, unplaced. The former will win again, but Templestone will have to be left until he has fully recovered from the gruelling race he ran in the Cesarewitch. A big backer with whom I watched the race would not have the gelding at any price. He informed me that year after year he puts his pen through the list of horses which run in the long-distance event until the next season. The preparation for the race and the fast pace—it is run from end to end with hardly a breather—takes all the heart out of most of the competitors.

Myra Gray's Next Race

Myra Gray, the heroine of the Cesarewitch, is entered for both the back-end races, the Derby Cup and the Manchester November Handicap. As the Derby Cup is the longer race by two furlongs she will most likely go for this event, but I doubt if one mile and six furlongs will bring out her best qualities. J. Scott, her trainer, says that ten miles would suit Myra, but Marathon races are not in any of the fixture lists.

Her One and Only

The Cesarewitch winner is a natural stayer and she does not appear to inherit stamina from either her sire or dam, Ambassador and Lady Canny. Ambassador never did much on a racecourse. One of his brothers, Brown Prince, won the Cambridgeshire, but a big handicap never came Ambassador's way. On her mother's side Myra Gray is her only produce registered in the stud book. Lady Canny's stud history is interesting. In 1917 she was barren, she slipped her foal in 1918; in 1919 she was barren once more. Myra Gray made her appearance in 1920. The following year Lady Canny was shipped to Belgium.

A Kind Countess

One of my correspondents tells me that the Countess of Lindsay is becoming a staunch supporter of Northern jumping meetings and that he saw her at Kelso when Dunzar won in her colours. Her ladyship caused much amusement and consternation amongst the cross-country jockeys by explaining to one of them who had just ridden for her that the reason she was not putting him up in the next race was that he would be too tired to ride in two successive races. I was present at Plumpton a few years ago when F. Rees won four races and his brother, L. B., scored in the other two events.

The German Invaders

Weissdorn, the German three-year-old, which I mentioned last week as the first horse from the Fatherland likely to run in England since before the war, has arrived in England, and is in Reggie Day's stables at Newmarket. The colt is reckoned to be the equal of Oojah, but I have my doubts. According to the *Sporting Life and Sportsman*, Weissdorn is the advance guard of a number of horses which the German owners intend to race in England.

Reggie Day, whose stable shelters the German colt

"SILVER RING."

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

FORDNEY, so far unbeaten this season, is not overweighted in the Chepstow Autumn Handicap.

GOLDEN FAIRY should win the Croxteth Plate for Lord Derby.

GRECIAN WAVE is engaged in the Grand Sefton. The Irish-trained gelding lost the race last year by running out.

SOCCER, who did the code followers a good turn recently, should be backed each way in the Witherslack Stakes Nursery. He is up against a better-class field in this event.

INKY BOY, who won for code followers at Newbury at the nice price of 8 to 1, revels in soft going.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special.

K X V C I R W T Z F A N U 2

P G Q 3 S O E B D Y M L J H

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. YRGNME would read FOXLAW.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, November 10, to Tuesday, November 16.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Leicester, Sunderland, Chesterfield, New Brighton, Bristol C., St. Mirren.
5 HOME.—Sunderland, Manchester C., Portsmouth, Chesterfield, Nelson.
4 HOME.—Huddersfield, Blackpool, Newport, St. Mirren.
3 AWAY.—Brighton, Swindon, Aberdeen.
3 DRAWS.—Wednesday v. Bolton, Bradford v. Stockport, Hibs. v Glasgow Rangers.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Sunderland, Portsmouth, Chesterfield, Hull, Brighton.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Chesterfield, Halifax, Stoke v. Rochdale.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (League 1 and 2).—Leicester, Sunderland, Blackpool, Manchester C., Portsmouth.

FORECASTS FOR NOVEMBER 20.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, Cardiff, Derby, Manchester U., Newcastle.
AWAY WINNERS.—Bury, Huddersfield.
DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Sunderland, Liverpool v. West Bromwich.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Chelsea, Hull, Middlesbrough, Port Vale, Preston, Southampton, Wolverhampton.
AWAY WINNER.—Portsmouth.
DRAWS.—Bradford C. v. Reading, Clapton v. Oldham, South Shields v. Barnsley.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Durham, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Rochdale, Stockport
AWAY WINNERS.—Ashington, Chesterfield, Stoke.
DRAWS.—Halifax v. New Brighton, Southport v. Bradford.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Brighton, Bristol R., Exeter, Merthyr, Norwich, Southend, Swindon.
AWAY WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Newport.
DRAW.—Luton v. Queen's Park Rangers.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie, Clyde, Glasgow Rangers, St. Johnstone.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Motherwell.
DRAWS.—Hamilton v. Dundee, Hibs. v. Queen's Park.

Selections

BECAUSE of THE BETS TAX
You Need Reliable Information.
Read
"THE SPORTING LIFE"
2d. DAILY 2d.

"Silvertown"
WIRELESS ACCESSORIES
INTERVALVE TRANSFORMERS
This Transformer has been adopted by leading manufacturers of Wireless Receiving Sets and discriminating amateurs in all parts of the world. Excellent results have been obtained on tests carried out by the National Physical Laboratory. Copy of the curve can be had on application.
Guaranteed for 12 months.

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PRICE 21/ each

SILVERVOX
LOUD SPEAKER

PRICE
£3.10.0

The "Silvervox" Loud Speaker will reproduce both speech and music without the loss of its original tone and quality. Coils wound to either 120 or 2,000 ohms. The tone arm is a heavy aluminium casting. Total height 20 inches. Size of trumpet, 12½ inches diameter.

Sold by all leading Wireless Stores.
The SILVERTOWN COMPANY,
106, Cannon Street, LONDON, E.C.4.

Watch Your Aerial

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

IS your aerial in order for the winter season?

This important component of the receiving station always was apt to be neglected once it had been put up, and the fact that sets now are simpler to operate and require less attention means that even less thought is now given to it.

If you find your set is not giving such good reception as it used to, and if you are unable to locate any other cause, it is worth remembering that even aerials wear out, and their insulation, too, can become faulty.

A clean, uncorroded wire may mean all the difference between good and bad reception, especially if your set is small and situated a considerable distance from the nearest B.B.C. station.

Moreover, if your aerial has been exposed to the elements a year or two, do not be surprised if you find many of the fine strands either broken or welded together to form one solid wire.

In that case the best plan is to put up an entirely new wire and not attempt any patchwork.

WHEN you put up the new wire, it may be possible to improve upon your previous arrangement. For instance, if you can get the aerial higher than before, and further away from trees, buildings, and other obstructions, it will be worth doing.

Another point worth watching is the aerial lead-in insulator. Glass being an excellent insulating material, it is a good plan to lead in actually through the window-pane. This can be done by using an ingenious window-pane insulator which can be obtained for 3s. 6d. from the Silvertown Company, 106, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

The boring of the hole through the glass presents no difficulty, as a special drill for that purpose is supplied gratis with each insulator.

Don't forget that there are two other points at which your aerial must be properly insulated. These are the far end, at the point of attachment to the tree or mast, and at the near end attachment, where the down wire meets the horizontal portion.

* * *

THOSE thinking about new batteries would do well to get particulars of the high and low tension types manufactured by the D.P. Battery Co., Ltd., Bakewell, Derbyshire.

The D.P. high-tension storage battery has been designed to avoid "creepage" troubles and their bad effects. Bad contact due to corrosion of terminals and local capillary action are both avoided.

Each cell is in a glass container, and the whole is encased in a hardwood box provided with special facilities for inspection and portability.

The D.P. "Kathanode" low-tension wireless batteries, made by the same firm, are constructed on the same principle as those used in the Railodok cars at the British Empire Exhibition, where their serviceability was proved.

The plates of these batteries are extremely strong, light and durable. Patent separators prevent disintegration of the active material in the grid, thereby maintaining the capacity of the cell.

The separators comprise a sheet of specially constructed glass wool felt which is held against the positive plates with a wood separator between this and the negative.

BROWNIE WIRELESS

2 VALVE amplifier giving loud-speaker volume 63/-

SEEING'S believing. Step into your dealer's to-day. BROWNIE 2-stage Note Magnifier gives perfect loud-speaker concerts when coupled with the famous Brownie No. 2 Crystal Set (10/6 each) or any set which receives at headphone strength. Amazing value—utmost efficiency. All good stores and wireless dealers sell Brownie Wireless. Write to-day for **FREE BOOKLET No. 20.** "Wireless Without Worry," to—

BROWNIE WIRELESS CO. (G.B.), LTD.,
Nelson St. Works, London, N.W.1.

'Ethovox'

"Ethovox" Loud Speaker, with Metal Horn, £4 10s. 0d. With Mahogany Horn, £5 5s. 0d. Junior Model, £3 2s. 0d.

As if the Artist himself were there

THAT is what everybody says after hearing broadcast from an "Ethovox" Loud Speaker, so named because it is the "Voice of the Ethophone"—the faithful translation of pulses into sound. They are admittedly the finest horn type Loud Speakers on the market. They bring into your home speech and song pure and true music with a richness of timbre hitherto unattained. There is nothing "tinny"—the tones of the speaker or singer are reproduced just as they were uttered—in fact, so perfect that the artist himself might be present in your own room. Absolutely perfect reproduction has now arrived, and is obtainable with a **Burndept Ethophone Receiver** and **Ethovox Loud Speaker.** The essential combination for the last word in wireless. With **any** receiver an Ethovox will improve your reception. Try it at the Burndept Dealers. If you are not enjoying wireless like this, investigate the "Ethovox" by sending for the "Ethovox" Booklet or enquiring of your local Burndept Dealer.

* * *

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WIRELESS LIMITED
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AGENTS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE RH

The new "JUNIOR"
DRAGON AMPLION
Model A.R.111.
48/-

NATIONAL WIRELESS WEEK
Nov. 7th—13th.
Let Your Friends Listen.

Finished in a pleasing chocolate shade.

Announcement of Alfred Graham & Co. (M. Graham), 25, Savile Row, London, W.1.

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

"JOHN BULL" is still pegging away at the assurance companies. Our Assurance Bureau is working at high pressure to keep pace with the many claims put forward by readers. The assurance companies are perturbed and are wondering how much more they will have to disburse on claims made good by JOHN BULL. If any of our readers feel that they have been diddled in any way, send full particulars, with stamped addressed envelope. JOHN BULL will see that they get justice and redress.

* * *

T. B. (Camden Town).—"The dentist insulted me." Most dentists hurt your feelings.

T. V. (Radnor).—"I don't like jazz music." Some people think there's no such thing.

CHRISSIE (Chelsea).—"How can I learn barefoot dancing?" Buy a penny box of tacks.

M. L. (Harrow).—"Is it possible to tell a woman's age?" Oh, yes. Ask another woman!

F. F. (Clerkenwell).—"I submit this article with fear and trembling." You are quite justified.

S. L. (Dorking).—"I often send my rich uncle flowers from my garden." Forget-me-nots, of course.

C. B. (Bramber).—"Why does a girl scream when she's kissed?" She wants to let the other girls know.

T. B. (Hendon).—"People urge me to become an actor?" And how long have you been on the stage?

N. T. (Shoreham).—"I am sure you will print this letter." At least we print the part you are sure about.

J. V. (Aldershot).—"I made my wife a clothes-horse." That's the only kind it's safe to put your shirt on.

N. G. B. (London).—"I was surprised to hear that one of my hens had laid an egg." What did you expect? A brick?

P. S. (Bow).—"Faces will soon be visible on the telephone." Heavens! Suppose it occurs to you to ring us up.

T. V. (Povey Cross).—"He's very high-spirited. He even giggles in the bathroom." What you hear are probably gurgles.

BILL P. (Gravesend).—"At the dinner I sat on the right hand of the chairman." Did he have to eat his soup with his left?

B. L. (Chepstow).—"I tell you, I carry a whole lot of weight in this neighbourhood." You should diet and take more exercise.

J. B. (Barnes).—"She's such a pretty girl that no one can be angry with her for long." She's evidently more to be petted than blamed.

J. Y. (Cheltenham).—"Women like silks and satins." But when their names are in society news they are pleased to appear in print.

T. V. (Shepperton).—"I have a nice steaming bath when I get home at night." Lots of husbands come home to get into hot water.

F. F. (Burnley).—"A married man gets tired of seeing the same face every morning." But it's dangerous to try shaving it without a mirror.

W. H. (Ruislip).—"My husband gets irritable when playing bridge." He should try patience.

T. N. (Penge).—"I am afraid my letter is full of grumbles." It reads just like a whine list.

M. C. (Ilkley).—"Where can we find any men of strong convictions to-day?" Alas! in jail.

L. B. (Hounslow).—"My employer said I lacked the necessary push." And did he give it to you?

L. T. (Stoke).—"I am sending a copy of my poem to Mr. Baldwin." He has the nation's sympathy.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Bristol).—"There is a secret in developing a film successfully." Yes, keep it dark.

MISS F. (Ealing).—"Many a man is caught by six-penn orth of powder." Face, baking, insect, or gun?

MISS L. (Kew).—"I have a proposal to make to you." Good. We're out for a record in scalp-collecting this year.

M. V. (Teddington).—"Blessed are the peacemakers." For they need never have any periods of unemployment.

MRS. I. (Norwich).—"He never calls me a pet name as other woman's husbands do." That's probably the reason.

P. T. (Kingston).—"He dashed into the house, borrowed 10s. from me and dashed out again." Touch and go.

F. R. (Cockermouth).—"I believe I could make my living as a prophet." Until you found you were a dead loss.

B. W. (Poole).—"I mean to climb high by any means possible." Then, curiously enough, you must stay on the level.

MRS. K. (Buckhurst Hill).—"I have written ever since I could hold a pen." Perhaps you learn't to hold a pen rather late.

N. E. (Finchley).—"This must be the longest letter I've ever written." We hope so for the sake of the people who got the others.

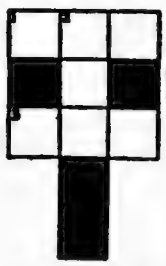
T. B. (Edmonton).—"I was greatly impressed on paying my first visit to the House of Commons." Then it couldn't have been in session.

L. T. (Daventry).—"The people on board ship made fun of me because I am so stout." And the steward, we suppose, gave you a wide berth.

N. P. (Nelson).—"I approve the new advertising slogan of the Post Office, 'Say it by telephone.'" Especially when the other fellow is bigger than yourself.

MISS F. (Otley).—"It's wonderful how two perfect strangers will meet and agree to marry." And not at all wonderful that it's often the last thing they do agree upon.

Where is the Smallest Cross-word Puzzle?



Why, in JOHN BULL'S XMAS ANNUAL, now on sale, price 6d. If you are a cross-word expert you will find this a real teaser. Don't miss it—it's the neatest novelty of 1926!

F. R. (Dudley).—"A man is as old as he feels." But never quite so important.

R. S. (Preston).—"I lost my umbrella last week." Did somebody recognise it?

R. O. (Plymouth).—"The specialist examined me for a fiver." Did he find one?

W. M. (Hampstead).—"I would never blow my brains out." We know why.

M. N. (Gillingham).—"Do you hunt?" Well, we've had one collar-stud for fifteen years.

S. E. V. (Sheffield).—"I returned by a late train." We always travel that way on our line.

MISS T. S. (Swindon).—"I shall marry a hero or nobody." Surely you are not so plain as all that!

U. T. R. (Dublin).—"Is there any preventive for seasickness?" An infallible one. Don't go on board.

B. L. (Banbury).—"I came here yesterday as a domestic servant." Yes, but what is your address now?

P. A. (Baldock).—"My Alsatian is very fond of children." Surely, a vegetarian diet would be better for it?

M. F. (Potters Bar).—"My fiancé tells me I am as pretty as a picture." Evidently he considers you a perfect sketch.

MRS. A. (Long Acre, W.C.).—"I'm leaving Long Acre for a better-class neighbourhood." Then Long Acre will be.

M. B. (Ware).—"There are people now who believe that the world is flat." And others who find it very crooked.

F. G. R. (Bromley).—"My memoirs are not to be published till after my death." Long life to you, old son.

S. D. (Stratford).—"Short skirts will never again go out of fashion." Then it will remain a case of "as you wear."

G. L. (Bradford).—"I wrote enclosed article in two hours." We know a man who took ten years to finish one sentence.

M. T. R. (Chard).—"I was very much alarmed early yesterday morning." We time ours to go off before breakfast, too.

G. Y. (Margate).—"I'm always content to wait for a good opportunity." In other words, you've no objection to being lazy.

MRS. G. (Oldham).—"What is the most destructive of the moths called?" Eucepolsis Hyperthena Culluna; but not very often.

S. O. (Bournemouth).—"I have told my son plainly that I will cut him out of my will if he marries her." You should tell her.

X. Y. Z. (Tamworth).—"Where is the sense of the craze for walking to Brighton?" Well, it saves the railway fare, doesn't it?

H. Y. (Bagshot).—"I'd dearly like to know if you are young or old." Well, we can clearly remember the days when men burnt coal to make a fire.

MRS. C. (Shoreham).—"I should hate to be one of those always filling the public eye." Then don't shake your doormat on the doorstep in the mornings.

BIRTIE (Glasgow).—"You're content to sit in your office and talk about industrial troubles." No fear! We'd much rather go off for a lovely foreign tour like other leaders.

D. N. G. (Croydon).—"You have to keep your eyes open these days, I can tell you." Well, a fellow would look a bit of a fool walking about with them shut, wouldn't he?

MAIDEN AUNT (Sunbury).—"Young men seem to get faster and faster nowadays." But even in your day they seem to have been rapid enough to overlook you as they passed.

FELIX (London).—"Have you noticed the similarity of the actions of baby girls and those of kittens?" We have certainly noticed striking resemblances when both have grown up.

F. E. (Carmarthen).—"My wife has won a 'Target' Prize and she can't get over it." She wants beating. Why not win one of the 1,000 Christmas Dinners in *Bullets* this week?

P. E. N. (Northolt).—"As an editor, would you recommend me to seek a similar post?" Provided you don't have to deal with a page devoted to Answers to Correspondents.

BESSIE (Leeds).—"A man will stick to one old dress-suit until it's fusty, but a girl will have a nice new fresh dress for every dance." That's why a man has to stick to one old dress-suit until it's fusty.

BEST DIET ADVICE

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos St., London, W.C.2. Mention any ailments and any information bearing on your case. Write name and address in CAPITALS and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

GALLOWAY'S

Cures Whooping Cough like One o'Clock.

"Galloway's," is a proven cure which can be administered to the youngest child without fear. It is not a nauseous medicine, but a most palatable syrup which soothes and eases the throat whilst effecting an amazingly rapid cure. **Mrs. FOSTER, of 25 William Rd, Sutton, Surrey,** writes:—"I wish to say how pleased I am with Galloway's Cough Syrup. My little boy had whooping-cough, which left him with a very bad cough, and although we tried with practically every known remedy, he could not shake it off. We were advised to try Galloway's Cough Syrup, and much to our relief this quickly cured him. It is pleasant to take, and I am sure that all children like it and will take Galloway's without any difficulty." For Coughs and Colds, Bronchial and Throat Troubles always use Galloway's—it's safe and sure.

With Galloway's in the home there's no room for coughs and colds.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

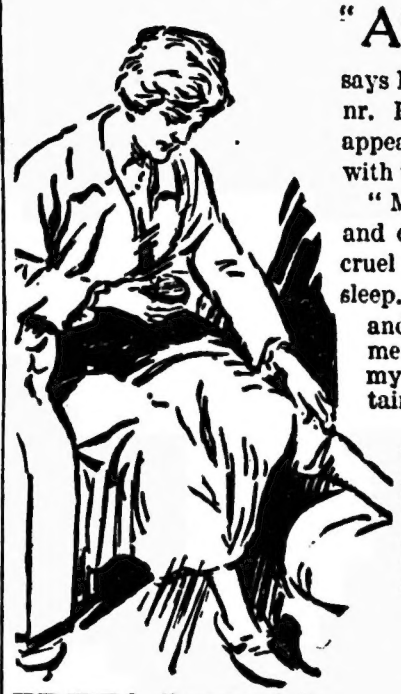
Sold by Chemists everywhere, 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or Direct from P. H. GALLOWAY, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/9 & 3/3 post free. Fool's A.A.

ZIG-ZAG

Cigarette papers

From Weaver to Wearer
FROM 7/- MONTHLY
Great Bargains in GENT'S SUITS and OVERCOATS in latest West End style and cut by our own Expert Cutter, from 7/- monthly. MADE TO MEASURE and to fit you. Your individual needs are studied and you pay as you wear. LADIES' TAILOR-MADE WINTER COATS in latest fashionable designs. Our pure wool material direct from the World-Famous Yorkshire looms, keeps its shape and smartness after long hard wear. Write now for Free Patterns and Easy self-measurement form. We pay postage both ways. ESTD. 25 YRS.
YEWDALL'S
DIRECT TAILORING SERVICE
LEEDS

Heal That Skin Trouble With ZAM-BUK



"AS the result of a scratch, an ulcer developed on my right ankle,', says Mrs. E. Risley, of Duck End, Wilstead, nr. Bedford. "Then another bad place appeared higher up the leg. I was crippled with these raw sores and suffered torments.

"My leg was one swollen inflamed mass, and constantly discharged. Owing to the cruel pain and irritation I never got real sleep. For months the doctor treated me and every remedy that friends recommended I tried. None did any good. Then my husband read of Zam-Buk and obtained a box.

"Zam-Buk's *soothing effect was marvellous!* Persevering with the balm, all pain and inflammation were gradually removed and the swelling was lessened. When all poison and corruption had been drawn out of the ulcer, Zam-Buk grew new healthy tissue. My leg is now perfectly healed."

Zam-Buk

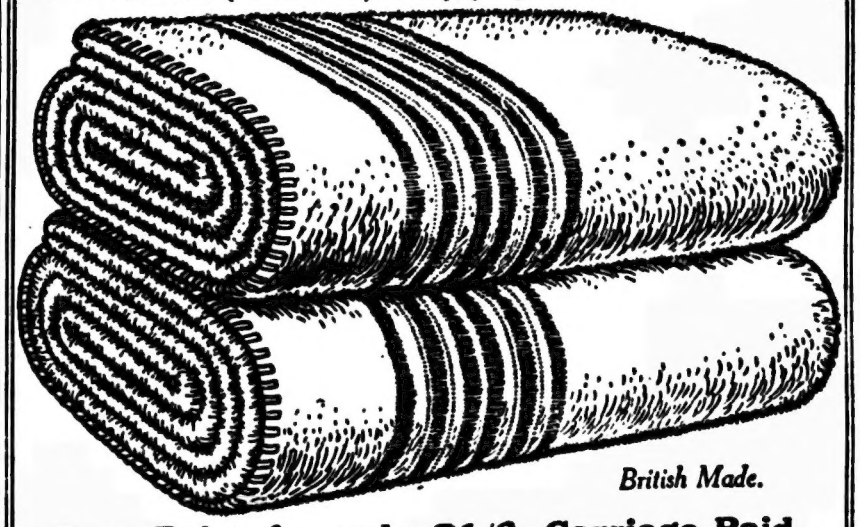
For eczema, pimples, chapped hands, chilblains, rashes, psoriasis, cuts, burns, scalds, bad legs, ulcers, piles, poisoned wounds, ringworm, scurf, dandruff, Zam-Buk is unequalled "Rub it in" for sprains, stiffness and muscular pains.

FREE! *Your name and address and mention of "John Bull," Nov. 13, 1926, on a p.c. to Zam-Buk, Leeds, brings useful sample box of The World's Greatest Healer absolutely free.*

Zam-Buk, 1/3 & 3/- (family size) a box. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, 1/- a cake.

GREAT SALE OF WARM WINTER BLANKETS

NOW is your opportunity to benefit by the quietness of trade in consequence of the coal strike. We have been fortunate in securing a large accumulation of woolly blankets, full double bed size, 68 x 88, and in order to effect a quick clearance we offer the whole stock of these Warm Winter Blankets (British make) at only, per pair **11/9**



British Made.

Two Pairs for only 21/6, Carriage Paid.

NOW is the time to replenish your bedding and be happy in the possession of extra Blankets during the cold wintry nights.

NOW is the time to save pounds on your purchases. Don't wait till the stock is sold and prices go up later on, as they are bound to do. Don't risk shivering in a cold bed when you can be snug and warm with one or two extra Blankets at a trifling cost. Send NOW and receive our great bargains by return. Money refunded if not completely satisfied.

THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES (J.B.2), 6, New Cannon St., MANCHESTER.

Health from Seaweed

1/- per packet

SEAWEENA

Trade Mark.

The New Vitamin Seaweed Tonic Food.

Wonderful Vitalizer.
Refreshing Rejuvenator.
Powerful Vitamin Tonic.
Makes you brisk and snappy.
Highly Invigorating.
Builds health in a few days.
No medicine, no aperient.
Contains 14 life elements.
A rich Sea Aroma.

FREE Send postcard for Free Sample, also Free Booklet, "Seaweed and its Story," by DR. W. J. MELHUISH, D.Sc., Ph.D.

1/- per pkt., or 1/6 with pocket sprinkler, at Chemists and Grocers, or by post.

OUR GUARANTEE

Obtain a packet of SEAWEENA, use all of it. If you do not feel intensely better in every way, post us the wrapper and we will refund your money immediately.

HYGIENIC FOOD PRODUCTS, LTD., 57a, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

YOURS *for* 1!

You may wear and enjoy the warmth and smart appearance of this All-wool Cashmere Two-piece Suit upon our generous Bargain Terms. DEPOSIT

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

This fashionable all wool Cashmere Stockingette Ladies' Two-piece Suit is delightfully soft, warm and comfortable, and really smart and up-to-date in every way.

In the newest shades with contrasting collar and cuffs, and panels. Strong sateen bodice to skirt fully guaranteed in every way. You cannot fail to be pleased with such a wonderful bargain on such easy terms.

Size: S.W., W., and O.S.

Colours: Blue contrasted with Biscuit. Green contrasted with Putty. Rose de Bois contrasted with Blue. Burgundy contrasted with Fawn. Brown contrasted with Blue.

OUR GENEROUS TERMS.

Sent to responsible readers of JOHN BULL upon receipt of 1/- deposit, after inspection you send 1/6, the balance is then payable by weekly instalments of 1/6 or monthly instalments of 5/-, as preferred by you, until only 32/6 is paid. Cash with order or within 7 days, 30/-. O.S., 2/6 extra. Postage 6d. You run no risk, as we willingly refund deposit if article is returned to us in good condition within 7 days.

JAMES MARTIN & SONS

(Dept. 318) 82, St. Thomas's St., LONDON, S.E.1.

BAD LEGS

View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the world founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up Inflammation and irritation become things of the past

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this :—

Tremol Treatment
CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME
WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK
NO RESTING IS NECESSARY
YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH
RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING

A large, illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, together with a legal guarantee and a list of cases in your own district, will be sent free of charge to every sufferer.

This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg Sufferers. Thousands praise the day they read this valuable book. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Send for this valuable book at once. You will learn—How Open Wounds are Healed—How Varicose Ulcers are Healed—How Varicose Eczema is Relieved—How Inflammation and Scaliness of the Leg are Dispelled—The Right Method of Treatment for Varicose Veins—How Lasting Relief from Joint Trouble is Obtained—A Successful Treatment for Painful Swollen Knees—How Leg Swellings are Reduced—Why Rest is Unnecessary—Advantages of Individual Treatment—How Better Health is Gained—How Bad Legs are Cured Without Pain. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can conquer your leg trouble yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** describing your case, and **THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.**

National College of Health Ltd.

FREE COUPON
NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
(Ward B.L.),
Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

.....

State Complaint .....

"The Greatest of These . . . . . ."

An Unborn Orphan

Tragedy of an Expectant Widow

A MOVING tragedy of death and life was revealed to us last week by a welfare worker in the Midlands, who brought to our notice the distressing case of a widow who, while mourning her husband, is faced with the prospect of bringing into the world another orphan.

Her husband was an ex-Service man who had suffered greatly from wounds sustained during the war, and for a considerable period he had been unable to work.

At last his condition became so bad that he had to be removed to hospital, where he died following an operation.

The widow has made application for a widow's war pension, but she has not received any intimation that her application has been favourably considered.

The only assistance she has received during the last four weeks is a total sum of £2; out of this average of 10s. weekly she has had to pay 7s. a week for rent. It is obvious that the balance has been totally inadequate to feed and clothe herself and her two children properly.

UNDER such a pall of sorrow and poverty she is daily expecting to be brought to bed, and it is easy to understand that she is well-nigh distracted.

The local welfare worker has been able to arrange for the little ones to have free dinners daily and to be provided with boots, but they are badly in need of other clothing and preparations must be made for the arrival of the little one soon to be born.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund is doing what is possible to relieve the poor woman's distress.

We most earnestly appeal for increased support for this work of succouring the widows and fatherless and others who find themselves in desperate circumstances.

Applications for assistance are reaching us now at an increased rate, which places upon us the painful duty of refusing help in many deserving cases, and only a proportionate increase of donations to the fund can enable us to cope with the amount of distress which will be prevalent during the next few months.

Every penny sent in subscriptions is actually expended in relief.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. T. Lees (Gloucester), 5s.; Mr. A. Hamilton, 1s.; A. C. Cole, £8 8s.; Isobel S., 2s.; Mrs. Peacock (Beverley), 1s. 6d.; L. V., 6d.; From a Friend, 1s.; W. H. T., 1s. 3d.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), 5s.; K. A. B., £2 16s.; H. E. M., 1s.; Jeff (S.W.11), 1s.; Sympathiser (Eastcott), 2s. 6d.; T. T., 2s. 3d.; H. B. (W.2), 1s.; Mrs. B. Williams (Walthamstow), 1s.; L. Long (Hull), 6d.; "Marion's Fourth Target!" 1s.; B. The Ninth., 3d.; Watchman, 2s.; "A Reader of Philip Inman's Little Corner," 3s. 4d.; Asum, 2s. 3d.; Weekly Ninth, 1s.; Dundee, 5s.; Mrs. E. Traward 2s. 6d.; D. E. M. L., 2s.; F. A. H. Fooks (Rochester), 3s.; Mrs. A. Tracey, S.E.1, 2s; M. B. Bedford, 2s.; Tibbie (Hull), 2s.; Anon., 1s.; B. Clements, 2s. 6d.; D. Kerr (West Kilbride), 1s.; F. J. Anton (W.1), 2s.; M. Hony hurch, 6d.; Jas. Gallaghan, 6d.; "A Crumb from St. Anthony," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Christie Walton, 5s.; "Constance," 1s.; E. Perry, 6d.; Widow's Mite, 1s.; M. E. Perren (Brentford), 2s. 6d.; "Ucalite," 3s. 6d.; P. G. Cartwright (Thirsk), 1s.; P. E. Wilson, 1s. 6d.; W. H. P. (Weybridge), 1s. 6d.; J. Hudson (Kinross), 1s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Allerton), 4s.; E. Richards (N.W.1), 6d.; Mother of Six, 6d.; Dae White, 6d.; W. Ford (Welling), 6d.; J. Tennet (Scotswood), 6d.; D. Jameson (Peterboro'), 1s.; Anon. (Jersey), 1s.; A. McGregor, 5s.; Grateful Reader, 2s. 6d.; Rose, 6d.; B. Ashworth (Bacup), 6d.; Mr. S. Johnson (Rotherham), 2s. 6d.; "H. P.," 10s.; T. W. Ford (Holywood), 2s. 6d.; A. B. Reader, £s.; Widow (Tipton), 2s.; A. B. Hinchey, 2s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (387G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write plainly .....

1,000 CHRISTMAS DINNERS!
NOW OR NEVER! 300 FINE TURKEYS & 700 SURREY FOWLS!
MUST BE WON THIS WEEK WINNERS WILL RECEIVE THEM IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!
'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE
£500
2nd Prize £100
3rd Prize £50
4th Prize £25
10 PRIZES OF £5
5th Prize £10
10 PRIZES OF £2 10s
200 Prizes of 5/- 10,000 'Target' Prizes 500 Prizes of 2/6
YOUR LAST CHANCE TO WIN A CHRISTMAS DINNER!

£2,500 RESULT.

"BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 615.

FIRST PRIZE OF £2,500:

Mrs. MAGUIRE, 30, Pollok Road, Shawlands, Glasgow.
Example :—TRUE LOVE
Bullet :—TAKES LIFETIME TO "TELL."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. H. SWINNERTON, 35, Chalfont Street, Bolton, Lancs.
Example :—BRITAIN'S BUSINESS
Bullet :—"POACHED" WHILE WE "SCRAMBLE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. E. GEORGE, Berry Cottages, Exminster, Devon.
Example :—ROAD TO PROSPERITY
Bullet :—BOOKIE DOESN'T "LAY" THAT.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. BELL, 3, Council Houses, Yate, Glos.
Example :—ROAD TO PROSPERITY
Bullet :—INDUSTRIAL PARLIAMENT WITHOUT POLITICS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. E. WESTMANCOTT, The Plough, Filton, Bristol.
Example :—BRITAIN'S BUSINESS
Bullet :—FAR-FLUNG—DON'T THROW AWAY.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

F. ALDY, 34, Penberth Road, Catford, S.E.
WHY SHE WAS SAD—"BAKER'S DOZEN"—NO BREAD.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss E. BARNBROOK, 51, Holland Street, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.
TRADE WAR—"ARTILLERY," ADVERTISEMENTS—"INFANTRY," GOODS.

M. CONNOR, 22, Baffins Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
WHY SHE WAS SAD—NOBODY "WANTED HER MAN."

P. E. D. EAGLE, 41, Rutland Road, Catford, S.E.
CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE—IGNORED WRITING ON *Road*.

W. M. FORD, 77, Stanhope Avenue, Church End, Finchley, N.
IN DREAMLAND—SANTA'S TOUR ALREADY BEGINNING.

R. HEGINBOTHAM, 4, Clarendon Street, Dukinfield, Ches.
BUILDING THE EMPIRE—OLDEN FIGHTS—MODERN FLIGHTS.

G. A. PEMBERTON, 6, Midland Terrace, Fishponds, Bristol.
CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE—LAZY DEVIL—DEVIL BUSY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. REES, Rectory, Loughor, Glam.
TRUE LOVE—"MATCH" WITH *Two* "WINNERS."

N. H. SHARP, 425, London Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
WHY SHE WAS SAD—"LOVE'S GARDEN" PROVED "WINDOW-BOX."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A. R. WARD, 169, Campbell Road, Stoke-on-Trent.
IN FIFTY YEARS—COALS REPLACED BY COILS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. B. J. BIDDLE, 468, Slade Road, Erdington, B'ham.
SAVING LABOUR—MORE VOLTS—FEWER REVOLTS.

C. BROOK, 3, Green Lane Court, Manningham, Bradford
NOW I'M MARRIED—WELCOMED WITH *Folded* ARMS.

T. W. DAVIS, 67, Loanda Street, Haggerston, E.
CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE—"SO MUCH DOWN" MONTHLY.

F. W. MILLWARD, 38, Durham Road, Newport, Mon.
WHEN WE WAKE UP—NOWADAYS, "NIGHTMARE" USUALLY *Begins*.

Mrs. M. NADIN, Woodley, Thelwall New Rd., Grappenhall, Warrington.
WHEN SHE'S OLDER—LIFE'S "BACKWATER" REPLACES "WHIRLPOOL."

Mrs. E. E. PAWSON, 150, Keighley Road, Skipton.
AFTER WORK—BOSS, "TIRED?"—FOOL, "NO."

M. A. PERCIVAL, 85, Park Street, Greenheys, Manchester
NOT WANTED NOW—WORK—FATHER KNOWS JOCKEY.

(Continued on page 6.)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 619.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER
EMPIRE GOODS
RAY OF SUNSHINE
OVERSEAS
WE MUSTN'T FORGET
HE DIDN'T SAY
SLIGHT MISTAKE
NODDING
MAN OF HER HEART
MY POST
PLAYING AT HOME
A COMPLIMENT
LOT OF TROUBLE
THE KEY
HIS BLACK EYE
HAPPY ENDING
HUMMING
WHEN SHE'S READY
WRONG POLICY
NOW AND THEN
"THANK YOU!"
OWING TO HER
NOT PRETTY
IF MOTHER WERE DAUGHTER
AMUSING
AFTER THE MATCH
LOVE'S SWEET SONG
OUT OF COAL
SAID TO THE TYPIST
DISAPPEARING
A NUISANCE
WHAT THE TURKEY SAID
ROUND THE FIRE
IN THE CLOUDS
MISERABLE
FIRST WOMAN
FATHER'S APPETITE
BLUSHING BRIDE
PERFECT
WHAT IS WISDOM?

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.
Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 619 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 615 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at these Offices.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example*—No SECRET, added the *Bullet*—YET LOVERS PREFER WHISPERING, and secured £50 for those few words. Three recent First Prize-winners were:—

Example:—"GOODBYE!" *Bullet*:—SHE SANG—HE SAID.
Example:—IN A HOLE *Bullet*:—THAT'S LIFE "ALL OVER."
Example:—IN POVERTY STREET *Bullet*:—LOT'S THROUGH SAYING "LET'S—."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 619, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(619) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(619) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(619) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 25.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(619) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competiton in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 6
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SENSATIONAL CHRISTMAS OFFER COMING!

Rinso washes EVERY way

Any way at all is the Rinso way of washing; soak in cold water, steep in hot water or boil, according to the clothes that are to be washed. Rinso does more than other cleansers, does it better and does it with much less help from you. Prepare Rinso according to the directions or in a way of your own, the lather will tell you when it is ready; be guided by this always. There are no hard and fast rules for Rinso users. Rinso is absolutely safe. Rinso takes a load of washing off your hands and a load off your mind.

Soak or Boil *it's all one to*

Rinso

THREE SIZES
HANDY
MEDIUM
FAMILY

The bigger the size the better the value

MADE BY
R. S. HUDSON
LIMITED

Liverpool, West Bromwich and London

R235-100

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